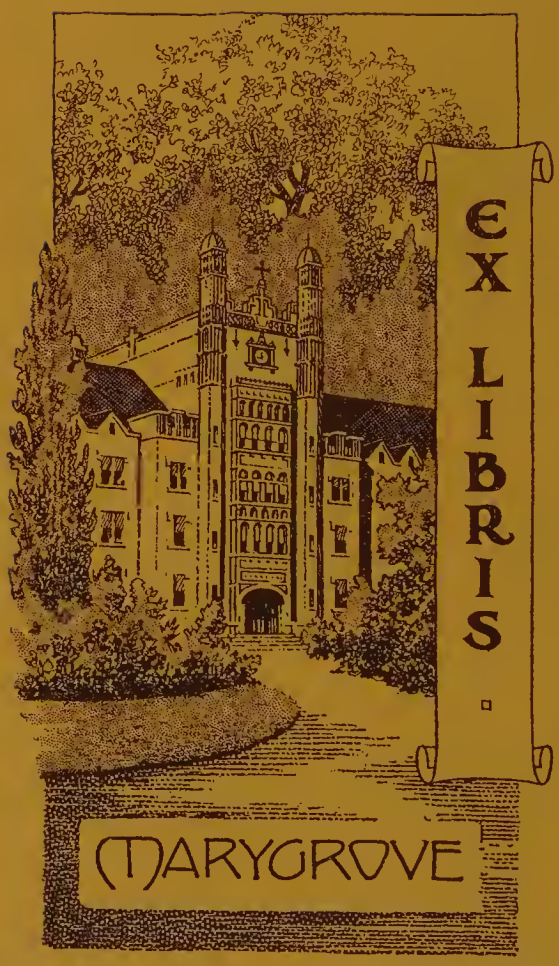
BRADFORD

ACADEMY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Marcia A. Sawyer.

from Aunt Fanny.

September 14 - 1872.

BRADFORD ACADEMY,
1803.

BRADFORD ACADEMY,
1841.

BOARDING HOUSE.

BRADFORD ACADEMY.
1870.

A MEMORIAL

OF

BRADFORD ACADEMY.

BOSTON:
CONGREGATIONAL S. S. AND PUBLISHING SOCIETY.
1870.

RIVERSIDE, CAMBRIDGE:
PRINTED BY H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY.

THE tracing of these historical outlines and personal recollections has been only a joy, and it is with something of regret that so pleasant a work is now finished.

It seemed eminently fitting that an Institution so related to the cause of Female Education, and with so noble a record of almost seventy years, should have its chapter in history. Too long was the wish for it delayed; for many facts and interesting items have already perished, making its preparation difficult and hazardous. But the request of the Trustees has been met, as far as circumstances would allow, and the Memorial, while far from what the subject merits, is presented to the friends of Bradford Academy by one of its grateful pupils.

E. A. B.

READING, *April*, 1870.

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I.

FOUNDATIONS.

I.

FOUNDATIONS.

ON the 6th of June, 1803, Bradford Academy, Essex County, Massachusetts, opened its first term, and had, during that quarter session, fifty-one pupils. Of these, fourteen were gentlemen and thirty-seven ladies. At this time only a few of the still existing academies in the State had been founded, as Phillips, 1780, Dummer, 1782, Leicester, 1784, Groton and Westfield, 1793, and Framingham, 1799.

The Academy had its origin and outgrowth in the deep interest in mental and moral culture, and in the practical sense that are native to Essex County. At a social gathering of the leading men and women of Bradford, early in March, 1803, the education of their children was a leading and eminently proper topic. Many of these children had already exhausted the forces of the then district school ; our present admirable graded and high school system had not yet opened its rare treasures to the poor and the rich indiscriminately ; and so it remained for these parents to think only of an academy somewhere. It was characteristic of a sociable in New England, where the people make what themselves or any part of the world may want, to raise the question : Why should not Bradford have an academy of its own ? As their sleighs glided homeward that night over the wild snow-banks that overlooked the Merrimac, and their bells jerked

out shrill music on the keen March air, the cozy riders, wrapped comfortably in homespun, had already practically founded Bradford Academy.

What Naomi said of Boaz, after he had commenced the courtship of Ruth, might well have been said of each of these founders: "The man will not be in rest, until he have finished the thing." It was an affair of love with them also, parental, educational, and Christian love. So good and so noble a thought would not let them rest, even one week. An opening passage in the Records of the Institution reads thus: —

"At a meeting of a number of the Inhabitants of the First Parrish in Bradford, March 7th, 1803, It was Mutually agreed upon that a Building should be erected for an Academy, and the following persons became subscribers, to defray the Charges of building said House, in the sums affixed to their Respective names."

About thirty signatures are affixed to this agreement, with their respective donations, amounting to $1,218.80. Two of the subscriptions were each $106; ten others were $53 each, and thirteen of them were about $25 each. Then came in the smaller but not less consecrated and so helpful offerings. Afterward, according to the Records, the inevitable "deficiency of money raised to purchase the land, and complete the Institution, was made up in small donations by private individuals."

The record of those private donations was never made, as they were not gifts made to be recorded; but the subscription papers that went about that quiet town through the rough snows of March, and the mud of April, 1803, would now be a welcome curiosity.

How much consultation there was over the small donations, in families who indulged in high thinking rather than high living; how much the family wardrobe, and groceries, and luxuries, and amusements, were cut down, that "the Charges of building said House" might be defrayed, we shall not know in this world. There is a Book where such things are entered, and recording angels are glad to fill the pages.

The zeal and energy with which the work of raising funds and erecting the Academy buildings was carried forward, are manifested in the fact, that within three months from that 7th of March Resolution, the building was completed; and at the same time a Preceptor and Preceptress were engaged, the school formally opened, and a term of twelve weeks kept, with fifty-one pupils.

This was no small work. For to estimate properly the magnitude and value of such an achievement, it must be remembered that it was performed, not in our wealthy and energetic times, but in the year 1803. Such outlays were then rarely and slowly made, and the interests of education had not then the deep hold they now have in the hearts of the middling classes. Specially is this remark true of female education, which from the first was a predominant aim in this Academy, as the very large proportion of female pupils shows. During the first term of 1804, the number of both sexes was eighty-seven, of whom sixty were females. Thus early the friends of Bradford were inaugurating that new era for the education of woman, that is now crowned by such institutions as Mount Holyoke and Vassar.

We are carried back to the day of small things, in considering the compensation then made to the teach-

ers. The first Preceptor, Mr. Samuel Walker, received but eighty dollars and board, for a term of twelve weeks, while the Preceptress, Miss Hannah Swan, received three dollars a week and her board. For many years less than eighty dollars was the salary of the Preceptor. Some were hired for five and even four and a half dollars a week, and the Preceptress received two dollars and her board. True, Miss Lyon had harder fare than this, who taught her first school for seventy-five cents a week, and "boarded round." Such was the original cost of what we now enjoy so richly, the wells that we digged not, and the vineyards that we planted not.

In 1804 the Institution was incorporated, and so became an educational fixture in the Commonwealth.

Then an endowment was thought to be necessary, and the sum of $1,450 was subscribed. This was not paid into the treasury in principal, but the interest made sure to the school, by the several subscribers. A small fund, we would now think, yet large, no doubt, in the light of those times, and of the ability of the contributors. Yet this was insufficient, with all the direct income from tuition, to keep the Institution free from debt. Then came discouragements to some, and coolness toward the school, and now and then a suggestion to discontinue it. This was in 1807. The real friends rallied again, and an outside annual income of $72 was made sure to the Academy for twenty years. This, however, was needed and paid for only five years, when the school took its place among the independent and permanent institutions of the land.

It would be an exceedingly interesting narrative in the history of education if we could detail the

growth of this Institution, through its first quarter century, in its struggles and plans, and successes, its shaping the popular will, turning prejudices, resisting opposition and indifference, gaining and expending its scanty resources, and all that and all that. The personal labors and sacrifices of its teachers must have been immense, and the hindrances and annoyances and discouragements, varied and multiplied, to its Trustees. Only a brief and general outline of the leading events can find place in this brief memoir of the Institution, the first section of which will naturally extend to the time when Mr. Greenleaf became Preceptor.

II.

EARLY PRECEPTORS.

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EARLY PRECEPTORS.

OF these there were thirteen, whose aggregrate administration extended from June, 1803, to December, 1814, a period of only eleven years and six months. There must have been a great independent and reserved force somewhere in the Institution, to have kept it alive even, through so many changes of teachers and policies in so brief a period. These were all worthy men, and stood well in the callings they finally entered ; but only two of them became professionally teachers. Six of them entered the pulpit, and two became merchants. The periods during which they served as Preceptors varied from one term to two years, these pauses for them in their career to their main work being but commas and semicolons in their passage of life. Of course they could not do much in shaping and energizing a young institution. For the time they labored, and in the circumstances, they did well ; but so frequent a change of head is unfortunate for any corporate body, especially if the aims and ends of the corporation are head-work, and must be wrought out on comprehensive plans.

THE REV. SAMUEL WALKER was the first Preceptor, whose term of service continued from June to November, 1803. Born in Haverhill, Mass., January

1779, and fitting for college at Phillips' Exeter Academy, he was graduated at Dartmouth College, with the first honors of his class, in 1802. He studied theology with the Rev. Dr. Spring of Newburyport, and was afterward settled in Danvers, where he remained till his death, July 6, 1826.

Mr. Samuel Greele succeeded Mr. Walker in November, 1803, and was Preceptor for one year. He was born July, 1783, in Wilton, N. H., graduated at Harvard College in 1802, and studied divinity with the Rev. Mr. French of Andover. After leaving Bradford he had the charge of the Marblehead Academy for six years, and then taught in Boston for ten years, where he afterward engaged in commercial business.

The Rev. Dr. James Flint was Preceptor during the winter and spring of 1805. He was born in Reading, North Parish, in December, 1779, and graduated at Harvard College in the class of 1802. In 1806 he was ordained and installed pastor of the First Church, East Bridgewater, and dismissed in 1821. He afterward was the pastor of the East Society, Salem. In 1825 his Alma Mater conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

The Rev. Abraham Burnham, D. D. succeeded Mr. Flint. He was born, November 18, 1775, in Dunbarton, N. H. The son of a farmer, his early opportunities for learning were meagre, though his thirst for it was great. When but a lad he was accustomed to earn money by extra farm labor, and then buy a book. This he would read and sell again

for means to purchase another. So he went through quite an extensive course of reading. Wearied with his daily labors, he was accustomed, from October to March, to retire early, and then rise at one or two o'clock in the morning to read. This he did for years, but greatly to the injury of his eyes. On the first Monday after he was of age, he began to fit for college. While there he had this rule for the division and uses of his time: "Six hours for close study, as close as my weak and pained eyes will admit; six hours for deep thought, reflection, and mentally reviewing my lessons; eight hours for sleep; one for meals; and three for manual labor, to pay for my board."

He was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1804, and took the charge of Bradford Academy in May, 1805, where he continued till February, 1807. When he entered on his duties here, much worldliness and gayety prevailed in the school. But a rich work of grace soon followed, eminent among the subjects of which, as his pupils, were Harriet Atwood and Ann Hasseltine. After leaving the Academy, Mr. Burnham studied theology with Dr. Parish of Byfield, and was then ordained and installed in Pembroke, N. H., March 2, 1808. Nine powerful revivals marked his ministry there, which continued for nearly half a century. His honorary degree was conferred on him by his own College in 1850. He died, September 21, 1852. "Few men in the State, if any, have done more for sound learning," says Professor Noyes, in his funeral sermon.

Mr. Isaac Morrill was Preceptor for the remainder of the year 1807. Born in Needham, Mass., in 1785, he completed his collegiate course at Harvard in 1805.

Samuel Peabody, Esq., was Preceptor for the first two terms of 1808. He was born in Boxford, Mass., was graduated at Dartmouth in 1803, studied law, and practiced it in Wolfborough, N. H., and removed thence to Andover, in this State, where he died, October 18, 1859.

The Rev. Daniel Hardy was the immediate successor of Mr. Peabody, and was Preceptor from August, 1808, to November, 1810. Born in Bradford, 1773, and graduated at Dartmouth in 1789, he was a tutor in his Alma Mater in 1796. He studied theology, and was invited to the pastorate of the church in Plymouth, N. H.; but he declined to settle there, thinking he could be more useful as a teacher. After leaving Bradford Academy, he opened one in Pelham, N. H., which he sustained till declining health compelled him to retire from its active duties. He died in Pelham in 1833, from injuries inflicted by being thrown from a carriage by a frightened horse.

The Rev. Luther Bailey was Preceptor during the first term of 1811. Born in Canton, Mass., 1783, graduated at Brown University, 1808, he was Preceptor successively of Bradford, Wrentham, and Bristol Academies. In 1816 he was settled in East Medway as a Congregational minister, where he remained as a pastor, respected and beloved, till his death, December 16, 1861.

The Hon. Samuel Adams succeeded Mr. Bailey, and had the preceptorship the spring and fall terms of 1811. He was born in New Rowley, now Georgetown, May 23, 1784, completed his collegiate studies

at Harvard College in 1806, and adopted teaching as a profession. He was for some time the Principal of Dummer Academy, much honored and beloved. He died at Dorchester, October 23, 1821.

Mr. Richard Kimball, the next Preceptor, was the first and only one who had been a student in the Academy. He was born in Bradford, August 10, 1789, and was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1810. He was assistant teacher under Mr. Adams in the autumn of 1811, and was Preceptor during the winter and spring terms following. He afterwards taught in Amesbury and Rowley, and died in the latter place in 1842.

The Rev. Eben Peck Sperry, who succeeded Mr. Kimball, was born in New Haven, Conn., June 3, 1785; was a graduate of Middlebury College in 1808; studied theology at Andover, and was ordained pastor of the church at Dunstable, N. H., November 3, 1813. During the fall term of the preceding year he was Preceptor of the Academy. From 1820 to 1837, he was pastor of the church in Wenham, Mass. In 1840 he went to Ohio, where he was settled in the ministry at Lyme and at Ruggles, and died in that State, January 1, 1854.

The Hon. Nathaniel Dike, who succeeded Mr. Sperry, was born in Beverly, January 19, 1792. He was fitted for college, at Phillips Academy, Andover, and was graduated at Yale College in 1812. He was Preceptor about one year and a half. He afterward studied law, and entered on the duties of his profession in Steubenville, Ohio. Here he was an

active man in the cause of common schools, and other good interests, and for six years was Associate Judge in the Court of Common Pleas.

Daniel Noyes, Esq., became Preceptor in May, 1814, and taught two terms. He was born December 30, 1791, and was graduated at Yale College in 1812. For many years he was widely known as a druggist in Boston. In 1849 he removed to Andover, and was chosen Treasurer of Phillips Academy and of the Theological Seminary there. He died, April 8, 1852. For twenty-four years he was a Trustee of Bradford Academy, and the Institution is much indebted to his devotion, energy, and activity for its present prosperity.

III.

BENJAMIN GREENLEAF.

Benjamin Greenleaf.

III.

BENJAMIN GREENLEAF.

MR. GREENLEAF was the fourteenth and last Preceptor of Bradford Academy. His thirteen predecessors had unitedly held the office eleven years and a half. His single term of administration almost doubled that of all the others, extending as it did from December 12, 1814, to April 6, 1836. The Academy, therefore, in its growth into a wide and most honorable reputation, stands intimately related to the rise and growth and extended reputation of Mr. Greenleaf as a pioneer and at length a veteran in popular education.

BENJAMIN GREENLEAF was born in Haverhill, Mass., September 25, 1786. He was the son of Caleb, who was the son of Timothy, who was the son of John, who was the son of Samuel, who was the son of Stephen, who was the son of Edmund, born in England in 1600, and emigrating to America in 1635. The first family settlement in this country was in Newbury, now Newburyport.

His mother was Susanna, daughter of William and Abigail Emerson, born in Methuen, Mass., July 2, 1761.

His father belonged to that numerous and noble class, the farmers of New England, that so honored the struggles for American independence, and gave dignity and worth to the early years of the republic.

A short winter school, rainy days, and occasional respites from farm labor gave to Benjamin only poor opportunities for an education. So it came about that at fourteen years of age this distinguished author and teacher in mathematics did not know the multiplication table. He, however, made such a use of his hours of study and the few books at hand as to form a strong passion for knowledge. He once said to a friend, "If I ever offered up an earnest prayer it was for rainy days, that I might betake myself to my books."

For these he early showed a strong desire, and in their scarcity in those times he would go miles to borrow them. Often, indeed generally, while his mates were busy in their sports, he might be found in the spacious chimney-corner of his farm home, reading by fire-light. And sometimes the burning candle by the bedside of the sleeping boy showed that he was wont to rob nature in his acquisitions of knowledge. His spare pennies he coined into books, and so was enabled to extend his borrowing by lending. What was his horror, on one occasion, when visiting a neighbor where he exchanged books, to see one of the children dragging around the room for amusement, with string attached, one of his own dearly bought and highly prized volumes! So given to books was he that ordinary amusements did not attract him; and hence he often remarked, "I could neither sing, swim, skate, or dance." As he longed for books when young, he lamented in after years that early deprivation of them. "If I could have obtained books then," he repeatedly said, "as easily as I can now, what a fund of knowledge I could have laid up!"

In 1805, at the age of nineteen, he commenced a preparation for college, under the instruction of the Hon. John Vose, of Atkinson, N. H. During the five years following he spent two of them in the Academy, and the other three in teaching schools in Plaistow, Atkinson, Haverhill, Bradford, and Marblehead. Thus early in his scholar life he began what proved to be his professional life.

September 29, 1810, he was entered as a sophomore in Dartmouth College, in a class of sixty. But perhaps the reader will be more interested in this fact if he hears Mr. Greenleaf tell it in his own way. We quote from his diary.

"Sept. 26th, 1810. Exhibition Day at Atkinson; spoke the valedictory oration. Had a large ball in the evening; Betton, Nichols, and myself were managers.

"27th. Went to Haverhill in the morning for my horse, and set out for Dartmouth College, and take my farewell of Atkinson Academy. Arrive that day with Nichols and his father at Concord, and put up. . . . .

"29th. Arrive at Hanover 8 of the clock, A. M. At a quarter past 9 offer myself for examination before the officers of the College. After one hour and three quarters, was admitted to a regular standing in the sophomore class without any difficulty."

But one must establish himself in a kind of home life, even in college. We proceed to show from the diary how it was done in those days. We commend the items and aggregate cost of the outlay to the careful study of some students of our day, who think one or two thousand dollars a year a short allowance in college life.

"Oct. 1st. Purchased for myself a number of articles for my room, viz.: bedstead, $2.00; one skillet, .29; towel, .62½; pail, .25; quire of paper, 4 quills, .29; candlestick, .20; 1 pound of candles, .22; 2 chairs, $1.09; table, .33; half-bushel of apples, .25; 1 load of wood, $1.00. The teamster deceived me in quality, not being acquainted with his dishonesty. Put my horse to pasture at Norwich for the term. Paid for my share of wood for the class, 15 cts. Paid for room $3.10; washing, .75 per term.

It does not seem possible to a young man of Hanover that such could have been the style and price of living there fifty or sixty years ago. But society has been making progress, and in several particulars.

For the double purpose of showing Mr. Greenleaf in college, and also a picture of those times, we give one more extract.

"Nov. 9th. The first term being closed, I set out for my journey to Haverhill. Paid toll at three gates: .7½, .7½, .9 = .24.

"9th. Charges for turnpike toll, .3, .7½, .6½ = .17. Toll at the bridge, .8. For other expenses, lodging and horsekeeping, .26; breakfast, .24; dinner, etc. .14. Put up at Chester. . . . . A considerable of an earthquake that evening.

"10th. For lodging and horsekeeping, .38; toll, .6½. Called at Atkinson, then came home. Found the folks all well."

"Nov. 31. Had an invitation to a ball; conclude it would be folly to attend."

These items, trivial in themselves, give us outlines of a character, and the circumstances and energies that excite reasonable expectations of a coming man.

If there was anything striking in his scholarship while in college it was in the mathematical line, an indication of which we have in the fact that he calculated and sketched the transit of Venus while there, an event to take place December 8, 1874. He was the first to work this problem in Dartmouth College.

After his graduation, in 1813, Mr. Greenleaf renewed his work as a teacher, and took charge of the grammar school in Haverhill, and continued in it till sickness laid him aside in March, 1814. Thus the innate tendencies to his life work as a teacher early and constantly revealed themselves, and held him to his chosen calling till 1848. In this office he led the children of New England almost as long as Moses led Israel. Mr. Greenleaf, however, joyful to say, had not the ranges of Sinai and the desert for his marchings and encampings, but the beautiful valleys and hills of the Merrimac.

On the 12th of December, 1814, Mr. Greenleaf became the Preceptor of Bradford Academy. This was a most important step for him and for the school. The Institution, during the eleven years of its existence, had already had thirteen Preceptors. Of course it could not be in a very flourishing condition, after so long a series of administrations in so short a time; nor can it be a surprise that Mr. Greenleaf opened his labors with only ten pupils. The number, however, went above thirty in a few months, and with the close of the fall term, 1817, it had risen to one hundred and forty-seven. The catalogue for that year, the oldest so far as is known, is itself a curiosity, being a single sheet, poster form, dull yellow and untrimmed, eleven inches by eighteen. At this time Miss Hasseltine was Preceptress, and of the pupils eighty-seven were females and sixty males.

It will be impossible to carry forward this biographical notice of Mr. Greenleaf in the succession of years and the order of events, and of his own personal history in connection with the Academy, without writing a brief history of the Institution. This our limits of a sketch forbid, and a briefer outline history is not in this place needful, since it is done in the outline of the life of Miss Hasseltine.

It was deemed more fitting to give such a history of the Academy in connection with the life of Miss Hasseltine, since she was Preceptress of it for more than fifty years, with barely an intermission, and since it was from the first preëminently, and for the last thirty-three years has been wholly, a Female Academy. The notice will, therefore, assume from this point a topical form.

As a Teacher, Mr. Greenleaf was popular and successful. He had, at different times, as many as three thousand pupils under his care. More than two hundred of these afterward became connected with colleges; many of them entered the Christian ministry, and more than forty the legal profession. One of them thus distinctly reproduces a portrait of Mr. Greenleaf as he appeared in the school-room, and before his classes, and in social life, in his early days at Bradford. We quote from a letter of the Honorable Ira Perley, Chief Justice of the State of New Hampshire.

"I entered the Academy in April, 1816, and remained till the end of the summer term in 1818. His personal appearance and manners were marked and somewhat peculiar. Everything in the man was frank, direct, and wholly unaffected. Though very

plain and perhaps a little careless in his dress, he was always perfectly tidy and scrupulously neat. His manners were not much regulated by artificial rules of politeness; but he had, what is much more important, great real kindness of heart, and habitual regard for the feelings of others. His loud voice and abrupt address were perhaps the more remarked from their contrast with the easy self-possession and calmer dignity of the excellent lady who presided so long over the other department of the school. He was understood to have an excellent head for mathematics, and to have pursued those studies with success.

"I do not think that the range of his classical studies was very extensive. But he had drilled himself, as well as his pupils, very faithfully in the Latin and Greek books which he taught, and his tastes did not lead him a great way beyond. He took greater pleasure, as I have always understood, in solving a knotty problem in mathematics, than in the perusal of a Latin or Greek classic. He, however, shirked no duty, and taught with great fidelity and diligence such of his pupils as were learning Latin and Greek. Indeed, he entered with great zeal and energy into all his work, and had that invaluable and indispensable gift of a good teacher, the faculty of imparting some of his own earnestness to those whom he taught. They could not fail to perceive that he was deeply interested in their improvement, and took great pleasure and pride in their success. He was devoted to his business of teaching, and justly regarded it as of the highest importance. It is quite clear that he chose the profession for which his natural endowments and all his training and habits had best qualified him.

"When I was there the school was very orderly,

without any severity, or much sternness of discipline. I never knew the discipline to go beyond a rough and round reproof, except in a single instance, when a contumacious young man was expelled, after calling a meeting of the trustees to deliberate on his case.

"Mr. Greenleaf was very arduously devoted to the work of the school, and the studies immediately connected with it. I never knew that he had anything of what is commonly regarded as amusements or recreation — no games like chess or backgammon, no rides or even walks, for exercise. He sought no relief from the routine of his daily work in novels, poetry, other light reading.

"Mr. Greenleaf was a thoroughly sincere and honest man. He was wholly incapable of disguise or false pretense. He had but one way of accomplishing an end, and that was the most direct. And yet he was a prudent and sagacious man, and singularly fortunate, I believe, in avoiding personal differences and disputes. His moral and religious principles I believe to have been very firmly established, and made the uniform guide of his life. His influence was all on the side of religion and virtue. His numerous pupils who survive him will always cherish the memory of his kindness and devotion to their welfare."

These distinct and vivid recollections of Mr. Greenleaf, by an early pupil, and a half century after his connection with the school, serve a double purpose. They give the portrait of the subject of our sketch as a young man, just opening his noble career, while they show that he was a remarkable man to have impressed himself so distinctly and so permanently on the minds of his pupils.

A classmate of Mr. Perley, the Rev. William Clark, adds some important and bold lines to the interesting and striking picture, as it already hangs before us.

"Mr. Greenleaf was an uncommon genius in the sense of having peculiarities entirely his own, in the structure of his mind, the contour of his head and face, the expression of his countenance, his utterance, his manners, his motions, all his ways. His intellectual powers were good, great it should be said, in the line of the higher mathematics, including all the natural sciences. As a general scholar, he made no claims to distinction, but he kept himself well informed about the general interests of our country, and of the philanthropic and benevolent movements of his age.

"Mr. Greenleaf was a good disciplinarian, and this without special effort. Kind, genial, yet decided and firm, he secured the spontaneous respect and obedience of his scholars.

"A peculiarly nervous temperament was a marked element in Mr. Greenleaf. Sit or stand still he could not. In him experimenters for perpetual motion would have found a pretty good solution of their problem. Nervousness, highly charged, affected and characterized all his movements, whether of mind or body. So impatient were his thoughts of utterance, so crowded they one upon another, they were often spoken in a way hesitating and confused. Their struggle for development would set in motion his hands, arms, head — his whole body.

"In his earlier manhood, a head of heavy black hair threw a deep covering over his forehead and temple. It was braided behind in a queue of respectable

length, which, in animated conversation, he was wont to seize with his right hand, tossing it over his shoulder, as if to help his impeded utterance.

"Quick of motion, of thought, of speech, alive all over within and without, all the features of his countenance aglow, his appearance in conversation was a fine exhibition of the dramatic.

"Possessing excellent social qualities, sympathizing, benevolent, deeply interested in the mental, moral, and religious training of youth, high-minded, of sterling integrity, industrious, punctual, energetic, conscientious in the discharge of duty, eminent in his knowledge of the exact sciences, earnest, faithful, ranking among the better class of teachers, in connection with Miss Abigail C. Hasseltine, the eminent Preceptress, for many years, of the Female Department of Bradford Academy, subsequently its skillful manager, he gave the Institution a wide and deserved reputation.

"Many men, within the last half century, eminent as lawyers, jurists, physicians, divines, principals of academies, professors in colleges and theological seminaries, engineers, merchants, and civilians, many females, too, filling with honor and usefulness every station to which woman is called, had their early intellectual training in this venerable and venerated Academy. Its benefit to the world cannot be computed. No small part of its usefulness, truth and justice require, should be awarded, under God, to the peculiar, rare subject of this sketch."

Reference is made by Mr. Clark to Mr. Greenleaf's government in school. Another, speaking of this, John C. Crowell, M. D., of Haverhill, says: —

"This discipline was peculiar to himself, being an odd mixture of ridicule, sarcasm, and moral suasion, with a wholesome seasoning of corporal punishment. This was administered, not with the conventional rod, but with anything at hand, an old iron spoon, used for melting the soft metals, or a piece of iron or zinc. A smart rap over the knuckles with the formidable appliance would illustrate physics in a manner not taught in the books. Sometimes he would take a boy in mock politeness by the arm, and march him into the young ladies' room, and with great formality introduce him to the teachers and scholars, to the infinite shame of the poor fellow. This mode of discipline was abandoned, after an attempted application of it to a spirited and handsome Boston boy. When introduced he bowed gracefully to the teachers, and then turning to the young ladies, said, in his blandest voice, 'How do you do, young ladies?' It is safe to assert that he walked out with less ceremony than he walked in."

Laughable incidents would, of course, sometimes occur in "Preceptor Greenleaf's" school-room; and when they came innocently, no boy enjoyed them more than himself. He had in his complex nature a fund of rare good humor, and the indulgence of it at times was irresistible. He confessed that on one occasion he completely lost his gravity by seeing a little boyish play in the school-room. One lad had bright red hair, and the boy behind him drew some of the flaming locks over the edge of the desk, and commenced pounding them to emit sparks. The scene was too much for Mr. Greenleaf, and his jolly good humor got completely the advantage of him. Yet on

such occasions he never lost any dignity, and his occasional unbending only deepened the reverence that his pupils uniformly bore toward him.

Mr. Greenleaf usually had some of his pupils as inmates of his own home; and with these and in his own family he was always genial, and full of instructive conversation and anecdotes. He was almost fastidious in his regard for the dress and manners of these lads in his house, and would rebuke, in his own odd way, any one of them who showed a want of neatness or courtesy. If a pupil presumed to stand with covered head in his presence, in the house or school-room, some gentle hint like this was apt to break suddenly on the offending youth: "Young man, when you go down the street, just call at the blacksmith's; call at the blacksmith's, young man!" In blank and innocent surprise, the boy would venture to ask: "What for, sir?" "To get a handle put on your hat, young man!"

A high moral tone pervaded all his teaching, and he was an uncompromising foe to every form of vice and ill habit peculiar to young men. Some of his moral lectures will be remembered by many of his scholars as among the most tender and delightful recollections of early life. His addresses at the close of the terms were full of simple and touching eloquence, often affecting to tears the roughest boy. Dr. Arnold could not have held his boys at Rugby under a control more subdued and effective and yet tender.

As a teacher, Mr. Greenleaf worked with an intense energy. When he entered on his labors at Bradford, the school was in a languishing condition. He set himself to the work of rebuilding it with all the force of his earnest nature. Very naturally the results were most encouraging.

But Mr. Greenleaf was more than a local teacher; he was a public educator. Always active in whatever related to the advancement of his own academic charge, he was constantly adding to the native stimulus and enthusiasm that led him to adopt the profession of teaching, and so was always ready to coöperate with the friends of popular education in their efforts to raise the standard of instruction, and create a thirst for knowledge among the masses.

Hence we find him among the pioneers in leading teachers to dispense with text-books in the recitation room and before their classes. Hence, too, we find him an early and efficient advocate of the Normal School System. While Mr. Greenleaf was in the State Legislature in 1837, 1838, and 1839, he urged statute foundations and regulations for those schools, now so indispensable to our educational system. At that time his spirit for popular education took a wider range, and he introduced into the Legislature an order for a Geological Survey of the State, and also one for a Natural History Survey. He, as chairman of the committee to whom the orders were referred, reported favorably, and the surveys were afterwards made.

Mr. Greenleaf was also a pioneer educator in the natural sciences by illustrated public lectures. With some little chemical, astronomical, and philosophical apparatus, that would now appear exceedingly meagre and simple and rude even, borrowed from the Haverhill Lyceum, of which he was a very efficient member, he was accustomed to visit the prominent places in Eastern Massachusetts, and give public lectures to wondering audiences, and at times laughing, of course, if "Preceptor Greenleaf" lectured. That old air-pump,

and the electrical machine, and the junk bottles for gas, would now be almost as great a curiosity among the *savans* as Franklin's printing press, and Fulton's first steam-engine, and Stephenson's first locomotive, would be among mechanics. But Virgil's plough must precede Nourse's, and in its day is quite as honorable.

In these lectures his range of topics was wide, according to his audiences. Chemistry, astronomy, geology, and the various departments and labors in the life of a teacher, were the most common themes. A letter, bearing date of 1834, invites him to lecture before the Essex County Teachers' Association on Astronomy, with the remark: "It is the wish of the Board that this subject may receive its proper share of attention, and as they have ceased to look for aid beyond the Merrimac, they could select no teacher in the country, probably, who would enter upon the discussion with a better relish than yourself." Another letter shows the arrangements for him to give a course of lectures on Geology in the Ipswich Academy. Then, again, Chemistry is the topic; and so through a series of years from 1823 onward. In later years these themes were presented to popular audiences on a more magnificent scale of illustration. Referring once to this, he said, with that felicitous combination of fact and wit that was so peculiar to himself: "I used to be the most popular lecturer on Chemistry in Essex County, for the very simple reason that I was the only lecturer in Essex County."

But it was in Bradford Academy that Mr. Greenleaf spent his strength. No labor was too wearisome, nor sacrifice too great for him, in the advancement of the interests of this Institution. He labored for it, when labor was not remunerative, and sometimes not

popular. The minute of an agreement between the Board of Trustees and himself, reads thus, in the stiff, bold, and antique handwriting of thosc days: —

"Voted to give Mr. Greenleaf 400 dollars a year on condition that there is 30 schollars in his apartment; and if there be more than 30, he shall have one half the surplus, in addition to the 400 dollars; and when the number falls short of 30, one half will be deducted out of the 400 dollars."

Mr. Greenleaf evidently was not under very strong pecuniary temptations to remain in Bradford, nor did he do so because no other openings offered. In 1817 he was urged very strongly to take charge of a female academy in Nashville, Tenn., with a salary of eight hundred dollars for the first year, and a prospect of "more scholars than he could attend to, in a very short time," and increased compensation. In 1819 similar but more urgent and protracted efforts were made to secure him as Principal of an academy near Darien, Georgia. The promises were large, and the efforts urgent; but Mr. Greenleaf remained on the banks of the Merrimac, with a chance for "one half the surplus in addition to the 400 dollars."

After Mr. Greenleaf's connection with the Academy, as Preceptor of the Male Department, closed, and the institution became, what it had so long been approximating, a Female Academy, he devoted himself to miscellaneous professional and public labors, and to his mathematical books, till near the close of 1839. He then founded and took the charge of the Bradford Teachers' Seminary, a school for both sexes, and continucd as its head till its discontinuance in

1848. His professional labors as a teacher then closed.

As an Author, Mr. Greenleaf was very widely, eminently, and honorably known. While the number of his pupils went up into the thousands, the number of copies of his text-books went up into the millions. It was natural that one so ardently devoted to the interests of popular education, should put his theories and experiences into volumes for the schoolroom. Specially must this appear so, if we go back fifty years, and see how poorly the theory and practice of teaching were then developed, and how imperfect and meagre the hand-books for the classes. Mr. Greenleaf was constitutionally and by foreordination a mathematician, — a huge crystallization of mathematics, some one has called him, — and in the field of figures an author was then preëminently needed.

The figures of speech in the Book of Revelation are not more obscure to theologians than the Arabic figures, in their arithmetical combinations and rules, were to the pupils of that early day. By the mystic movements of the ten numerals results were liable to come, and marvelously so, to the belabored juveniles, whose heads were as ant-hills of units and tens. What came in these labors was welcomed, if it accorded with the book-answer; but how it came was something so bordering on the unknown and mysterious, that very few scholars were inclined or encouraged to "pry between the folded leaves," and irreverently ask the reason why. Mr. Greenleaf early encountered this painful deficiency and obstacle in his work, and almost immediately set himself to remedy it. His practice and advice to dispense with

text-books in the recitation room were an unconscious protest against the books in use, and as unconscious an endeavor to issue new ones and improved, as it were, orally and daily. So, though he did not offer the first of his mathematical series to the public till 1835, they began to germinate in 1814, and had a period of twenty years gestation in his prolific head. Long time before his first volume showed itself, its principles and rules and problems were under test and in free use in the Academy, thus heralding the coming books. Nearer still to their issue, printed slips, or advance sheets of the treatises were common among his pupils. Thus, for a long time, the teacher and the author were combined in Mr. Greenleaf, and finally mathematical authorship engrossed wholly the man. We use the term mathematical in its popular sense.

It should be said, however, that an arithmetic was not the first work of Mr. Greenleaf as an author. As early as 1825 he published a duodecimo tract of eight pages, entitled, "Rules of Syntax." Of these there are forty-three. The tract is now an antique in its coarse, blue paper covers, full of the mysteries of English grammar, with the concluding caution, that it is not to "supersede the necessity of the student's being thoroughly acquainted with Murray's Syntax." It opens with what was, in the ninth of our tender years, a most august and incomprehensible announcement, that "The nominative case governs the verb." With our ideas and experiences of government at that early age drawn wholly from home life and school life, we never fathomed the depths of meaning in that "rule," albeit we used it, and the forty-two others, in "parsing," as adroitly and as ignorantly as a child

winds up the family clock, or the store-boy opens the safe.

If English grammar is to be kept among the prescribed studies, according to the tradition of the elders, as is highly probable, and is to be taught as a kind of mental puzzle in the collocation and combination of words, as also seems highly probable, we can think of no better text-book than Mr. Greenleaf's "Rules of Syntax." The mysteries of the study are here put into the smallest space, and can be from it soonest memorized and most dexterously applied by sleight of rules to an English sentence. But as astrology has given way to astronomy, and alchemy to chemistry, and Lindley Murray is dead, is it not high time that English grammar, so called and taught, give way to the intelligible and profitable study of the English language? The eight-paged duodecimo in question, as a mile-stone far in the past, is supposed to suggest progress. But it is of as good granite, stands quite as erect, shows lettering as well cut for a child's eye, and is as free from obscuring moss, as the average of modern grammatical stones, set up on the highway of letters.

Mr. Greenleaf also worked off the mathematical calculations for a number of almanacs. For several years he did this for the Cherokee Mission, beginning with 1854, and continuing it through six or seven years. The labor was gratuitous, and he called the offering his "missionary money." He also made calculations for almanacs for the meridian of Boston, New Orleans, Vicksburg, Memphis, San Francisco, and Halifax, Nova Scotia. His last work of this kind was the mathematical preparation of Belcher's Farmer's Almanac, for Nova Scotia, 1865.

But all the other writings of Mr. Greenleaf were minor, compared with his mathematical works. Into an interest in these and a preparation of them he was drawn early and imperceptibly to himself. Gradually he gave his strength to them till their production crowned his days and honors. Probably no series of arithmetics ever had so wide and popular a circulation. The number of separate volumes published, of all his mathematical works, we cannot state. Of his Common School Arithmetic alone, five hundred and sixty thousand copies were printed, from the first set of plates, and considerable more than a million in all. He published text-books on arithmetic, mental and written, algebra, geometry and trigonometry, plane and spherical, and left in manuscript a System of Practical Surveying. Their issue from the press began in 1835, and continued in new works and new editions almost to the time of his death.

Some of his primary and elementary arithmetics have been translated into Burmese, and some of his works are now going through a translation into modern Greek. In the preparation and editing of some of the works in this series, Mr. Greenleaf was aided substantially by a practical teacher. For his years and multiplied and varied labors were now hastening to a close the working out of his life problem.

He was full of purposes and plans, as an educator, and energetic to the last. In his very nature, inaction, idleness, and rest were impossible to him. Like his own Merrimac, on whose banks he was born, in whose valleys he had spent his days, and in sight of which he was soon to end them, the current of his life grew broader and deeper, as it came nearer and nearer to the eternal sea. What it was losing in speed

it was making up in volume, and at last it emptied itself grandly, as a river whose head-waters were far up among the mountains, and whose affluents were many.

As to the last days of Mr. Greenleaf, we count him fortunate that they were few. His constitutional and well cultured vigor of body and mind carried his manhood and prime up to the very grave. He could hardly be said to have had a decline, though he died in a ripe old age. The fruits of a very worthy life, as long maturing in his domestic, neighborly, moral, and Christian relations, when well ripened, were rapidly harvested.

Mr. Greenleaf had made a wide circle of endeared friends, and in his honest, cordial, straightforward way, he had done this naturally, legitimately, and incidentally. He never went into the manufacture of friendship as an article. He let it come of itself, while he was busy in his proper work, and it came abundantly.

The Rev. Mr. Clark, already quoted, speaks of him as "possessing excellent social qualities, sympathizing, benevolent, and of sterling integrity." "Everything in the man," says the Hon. Mr. Perley, "was frank, direct, and wholly unaffected;" a man of "great real kindness of heart, and habitual regard for the feelings of others." "Mr. Greenleaf was a thoroughly sincere and honest man. He was wholly incapable of disguise or false pretense. He had but one way of accomplishing an end, and that was the most direct." "His influence was all on the side of religion and virtue." An earlier and also later witness, and one more competent, in that she knew Mr.

Greenleaf more intimately, and for half a century, Miss Mary Hasseltine, thus writes: "As respects Mr. Greenleaf, he was so long in our family, I must say, setting aside his rare mathematical talents, that he was a man of the finest sympathies, ever ready to assist the sick, with a heart to feel the woes and sufferings of both the home born and the stranger, and was never happier than when it was in his power to confer kind offices on those around him."

The practical religion of Mr. Greenleaf was no mere factor in his life, or an appendix. It was rather the complement of his being, or that which made him an integer. So it was nothing occasional or demonstrative, as aside from his ordinary life, but a principle, spirit, and activity always accompanying the man. He was taught in early life by his venerated grandmother the true principles of religion, from the Scriptures, the Lord's Prayer, and Watts's "Hymns for Children." In those younger years he was convinced of the necessity of the Christian religion for the common welfare, and did much, as a young man, to sustain and extend it. When he commenced family life for himself, he erected a family altar, though not yet an experimental Christian, and was one of the three who assumed the responsibility of building anew the house of God near his residence. But it was not till 1831, and during an interesting work of grace in Bradford, that he personally gave himself away to God, and as a ruined sinner, took the Lord Jesus Christ for his Saviour. In the January following he united with the Congregational Church in that place, and was ever afterward deeply interested in all that pertained to its welfare and to the extension of the kingdom of Christ in the world.

As Mr. Greenleaf's religious life was not an intermittent series of rhapsodies, its close was not characterized by anything ecstatic and wonderful.

During the summer of 1864 he showed in some marked degree the combined infirmities of age and disease in his body, while at seasons his mind manifested more than usual clearness. He went abroad, much as usual, till September, after which he seldom left his house. Occasionally a cloud would pass its shadow slowly across the sunny landscape of his feelings, and then his own peculiar self would shine forth again with his wonted brilliancy. Fond of his friends, he always welcomed them cordially, and often exerted himself to entertain them, to his own exhaustion.

The conviction of his approaching end came on him suddenly, only thirteen days before his departure, and he gave expression to it with the promptness and fullness of one of his mathematical truths. A friend sent to him the working of a problem and wished him to verify it. He had it read over to him twice, but did not understand it. Then taking the letter himself and glancing over its contents, he said, with a sorrowful look and with an ominous shake of the head: "I can't, I can't!" Never afterward did he allude to it, or express any interest in his long loved science.

The next day, which was the Sabbath, he took his bed, not to rise from it again, and was from that time much absorbed in his own thoughts. He, however, kept up his lively interest in the welfare of the troubled country, and in the issues of the war, and would often inquire: "Any good news?" He was fully submissive, with no wish to live, except as God might add to his days. With but little suffering he grew weaker and weaker, and declining nourishment,

His friends marked it as a most kindly providence, that his mind retained a power for well-balanced if not strong thoughts, and for vivid conception. In one of his very bad days, he received a letter from a classmate, giving an account of the death of Judge Wells, of Northampton, in which Mr. E. says: "Our little band is rudely narrowing! Who next is to leave us?" With all the energy that his wasted condition would allow, Mr. Greenleaf said: "Give him my love, my very best love, and tell him that I shall soon be across the Dark River."

The last day of his life, October 29, and just before his death, he tried to say something, but a parched and paralyzed tongue prevented his articulating it. His wish, however, was understood, that he might be turned on his right side, and toward the window. It was done. Thus, with his face resting on his hand, his last look was on the autumn foliage that waved between him and the spot where so many of his days and so much of the energy of his noble life had been spent. Thus lying and looking, without a struggle or a groan, the shadow of death fell on his face; but through the shadow, a beautiful smile was radiant.

So the Venerable Bede, when about to die, asked to be placed so that he could look on the altars of his long ministry. "For it is a great satisfaction to me," he said, "to sit facing my holy place, where I was wont to pray, that I may also sitting call upon my Father." Thus sitting, on the pavement of his little cell, he chanted: "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost." When he named the Holy Ghost, he breathed this life away, and so departed to the heavenly kingdom.

After the decease of Mr. Greenleaf, the following beautiful lines were found among his private papers, placed there by himself but a short time before his death: —

"I stand upon the river's verge,
Its waves break at my feet;
And can the roar of this dark surge
Sound in my ear so sweet?
Higher and higher swells its wave,
Nearer the billows come!
And can a dark and lonely grave
Outweigh a long loved home?

"'Tis not alone the billow's roar
That falls upon my ear;
But music from yon far-off shore
Is wafted sweet and clear;
For angel harps are tuned to cheer
My faltering, human faith,
And angel tongues are chanting there
Triumphal hope in death.

"Though dim and faltering grows my sight,
It rests not on the grave;
It sees a land in glory bright
Beyond the darkening wave;
The gales that toss its crest of foam
Come from that far-off shore;
They whisper of another home
Where parting is no more.

"The everlasting hills arise,
Bright in immortal bloom;
The radiance of those sunny skies
Illumines e'en the tomb;
And glorious on those hills of light
I see my own abode;
E'en now its turrets are in sight —
The city of our God!

"Loved faces look upon me now,
And well-known voices speak!
Oh, when they left me long ago
I thought my heart would break!

They beckon me to yonder strand,
Their hymns of triumph swell;
I see my own, my kindred band, —
Earth, home, and time farewell!

"Welcome, the waves that bear me o'er,
Though dark and cold they be!
To gain my home on yonder shore
I'll brave them joyously;
The snowy, blood-washed robe I'll wear,
The palm of victory.
Welcome the waves that waft me there,
Though dark and cold they be!"

So the waters pleasantly divided, and between loving and loved groups on each bank, he passed over Jordan.

IV.

THE TRANSITION.

IV.

THE TRANSITION.

BRADFORD ACADEMY originated in the sense of want which was felt in relation to education, and especially female education." So its Trustees said thirty-four years ago; but the remark really takes us back to 1803. Then there was no Ipswich or Mount Holyoke Seminary, or Vassar College. They are the maturer fruit of thoughts that had long been germinating elsewhere. Mr. Emerson did not found his, supposed to be the first exclusively female seminary in the country, till fifteen years after this "sense of want" had founded Bradford.

The establishing of Bradford Academy was one of those growths in society that inaugurate eras; it was one of those providences of God that are at the same time both the history of a want and the prophecy of a supply. The school was a crystallization of feelings and opinions, widely diffused, that female education especially must be carried up to a higher level. The colleges were tempting the nobler young men of the land to a curriculum of studies that would introduce them to the learned professions, or to the pursuits of a scholarly life. But for woman there was no temple of knowledge that bore any even remote correspondence. One writes us thus, who enjoyed as good academic advantages in 1808 as New England then

afforded to young ladies: "'Morse's Geography,' 'Murray's Grammar,' Pope's 'Essay on Man,' for a parsing book, Blair's 'Rhetoric,' composition, and embroidery on satin, these were my studies and accomplishments." This is a fair index to the condition of female education in New England at the opening of the present century.

The founders of Bradford Academy desired something better for the daughters of the land. The school admitted both sexes, according to the universal custom of the times; but the disproportion between them in the first term indicated the predominant purpose of the founders and the leading design of the Institution. Of the fifty-one pupils all but fourteen were females. And this tendency increased, as if an organic law in the Academy, till it became exclusively a Female Seminary.

While it was extending in influence and gaining in popular favor, and illustrating what finally became its central and total idea, a female education of the first order, its theory and partial practice found new advocates and opened new fields. Among the abettors and laborers for a broad and thorough education of woman, corresponding with that of man, so far as the prospective spheres of the two would allow, was the Rev. Joseph Emerson.

Mr. Emerson had married Miss Rebecca Hasseltine, one of the Hasseltines, and a pupil of Bradford. It was not till after this marriage that he turned his attention to his eminent life work as a teacher. Into this work Mrs. Emerson entered largely and vigorously, not only in planning but in executing as a teacher. And it is a singular coincidence, and in happy connection with Bradford Academy, that two

sisters, receiving their education and educational theories in the same school, should become so conspicuously and historically connected with the first two female seminaries in the land. One is founded in 1803, and then in 1818 one of its pupils becomes most intimately and organically connected with the founding of the other.

Nor does the happy coincidence stop here. Miss Grant and Miss Lyon, who founded Ipswich Female Seminary, were students of Mr. and Mrs. Emerson, and after long labors together Miss Lyon founded Mount Holyoke Seminary. So theories pass along into development. So geologists, tracing the huge boulders backward in their drift, come at last to the original bed, the rock *in situ*.

Mr. Emerson carried his theories into practice, and opened his Seminary at Byfield in 1818, and "set himself systematically to the great enterprise of reforming and elevating the system of female education. "In this," says his brother and biographer, "he had to meet much prejudice and opposition. Some seemed hardly to think the female mind susceptible of the highest acquisitions of knowledge, or that it would be benefited by such knowledge, if gained." These prejudices and unfounded notions he gladly encountered on every proper occasion, and slowly overcame. Thus, in an address at the dedication of the Seminary Hall, Saugus, in 1822, he says: —

"A few external accomplishments, a slight and very superficial acquaintance with a dozen branches of instruction, never designed to be practical, instruction that has little or no tendency to correct the morals or improve the habits, to mend the heart or to

ennoble the mind — all this will not suffice. We must no longer be amused and deceived with trifles which do not profit."

Still later than this, in 1827, the Rev. Charles Burroughs, in an address on female education, delivered at Portsmouth, N. H., says: "As compared with the educational resources for young men, little has been done for the most important half of our population, the women of our country." "The course of instruction for females is confined within very narrow limits." "In examining the various courses of instruction prevalent among them, we observe a remarkable defectiveness, and entire inadequacy to the wants of society."

Meanwhile Bradford Academy was by experiment and illustration doing not a little to reconstruct the old theories about female education. The mixed administration of the school, however, as embracing both sexes, was quite an obstacle to success. This the Trustees saw, and Miss Hasseltine deeply felt. Therefore in 1828 the Trustees enacted: "That there shall be hereafter an entire separation between the two departments in all the exercises of the members."

The thirteen years' experience of Miss Hasseltine, as Preceptress of the female department, satisfied her that this separation was indispensable to the highest success in her field of labor. So Bradford Academy, as a female school, began in 1828.

The Ipswich Seminary, started three years before as a school for both sexes, became also a female seminary this same year, under the care of Miss Grant

and Miss Lyon. During this same year, also, Mr. Emerson, in a letter to Miss Grant, urges this separateness, that the young ladies may be "without the danger of having their attention interrupted by the other sex." Such ideas and theories were already old with Miss Hasseltine, and practically her department had been a separate one and a Female Seminary, long before this formal separation. The male department continued till 1836, when Mr. Greenleaf retired as the Preceptor, and it was formally closed. So the school became wholly a female academy, so much in accord with the wishes of its founders, and Miss Hasseltine, already a Preceptress there for twenty-one years, became Principal.

It is exceedingly interesting to trace thus the genesis of a noble policy and system. An indefinite sense of want, a desire to meet the want, the idea that it can be met, the purpose that it shall be, the plan for meeting it, and then the execution of the plan — we study all this work in the human field with an interest akin to that with which we study those divine processes in the six periods of creation.

And we gladly, gratefully contribute here our few verses toward the making up of the first chapter in the educational Book of Genesis. Others, opulent in materials, have furnished their glowing paragraphs of the rise and glory of Eton and Harrow and Oxford, and of the two Phillipses and the two Cambridges — schools for men. We are only too happy to put in with their records an account of the discovery made by the founders of Bradford that "for Adam the scholar there was not found an helpmeet for him," and that "it was not good that the man should be alone."

But specially delightful is it to us to prepare for the chapter the account of their work of creation. For we have looked upon this thing that they have made, "and behold, it is very good."

V.

ABIGAIL C. HASSELTINE.

A. C. Hopestone.

I.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

1788–1805.

A PLAIN, wooden house on a height of land, overlooking the beautiful valley of the Merrimac. Nothing very peculiar in construction, style, or finish, but so finely situated, and with an outlook so lovely and far-reaching, that one might well suppose the dwellers there would gather inspiration from without, whatever influences or interests might be found within.

Beneath this roof-tree, in the town of Bradford, Massachusetts, lived for many years the Hasseltine family, and here was born, March 15, 1788, Abigail Carleton Hasseltine, the subject of this sketch.

There were seven children in the household, four daughters and three sons. Of the latter, one died in infancy, one in youth, and one in early manhood. But the sisters lived to develop their full powers, all but one continuing to a good old age, useful, beloved, and honored in no ordinary measure.

Of these four daughters, each, in her own way, a wonderful woman, Abigail, or "Abby," was the third.

The eldest, Rebecca, possessing great strength of character, and a highly cultivated intellect, became the wife of the Rev. Joseph Emerson, himself a pioneer of female education in this country. Their fa-

mous school at Byfield, where Mary Lyon was trained, is well remembered, and the influence of their united work in the Master's service has been felt far and wide.

The second, Mary, though a successful teacher for some years when young, was never called to public labors so much as the others. Home was her sphere. Fond of poetry and metaphysics, of a deep-toned, spiritual type of piety, she is now the only survivor of this band, her intellect bright and clear, her memory wonderful, and able now, at an advanced age, to quote her favorite authors with as much accuracy and point as in her younger days.

The next in order was Abigail, our own beloved teacher and friend, whose name is cherished in thousands of homes to-day, a watchword, to guide the host who have been under her teachings, to a higher and holier life.

The fourth was Nancy, or Ann, brilliant and gifted, who, marrying Dr. Adoniram Judson, gave her life to the missionary enterprise — that life so full of noble daring and patient self-forgetfulness. Her record is on high, and her memory a precious legacy to American women.

What a household band! Did ever one family circle include so much!

Standing where we stand and looking at the life and character of these four sisters, how do we turn to their youthful days and long to see them as they were then, at home, at school, at play. If those fields and woods and hills could be made vocal, and that old homestead could tell us of the past, how earnestly would we question and how eagerly listen. Not from an idle curiosity, but to discover wherein they differed

from others in their childhood and youth, and whether their superiority in maturer years was more from natural endowment or from education.

We would like to know if our "Miss Hasseltine," so dignified, and commanding, and self-possessed, as we remember her, was ever weak or wayward, or needed reproof for girlish faults and follies.

And Mrs. Judson, the heroine of Ava, who thought no peril too great to encounter for Christ's sake, and considered her own life as of little worth, if she could comfort and relieve her husband in the death-prison, we would like to inquire if she were ever vain and frivolous, or selfish and petulant. Were these sisters ever impatient with each other, or disobedient to their parents, or forgetful of the rights of their companions? What seed was sown that the harvest should be so abundant and so valuable? What influences wrought upon those young minds and hearts, that the results should so fill us with admiration?

We are told that the father was a man of great intelligence, energy, and determination, and though not highly educated himself, always foremost in promoting the cause of education, and earnest for whatever was true and noble. A man of sterling worth and sound, practical sense; thoroughly informed on his country's affairs, and in advance of his age in his views generally; interested in missions, revivals, and every benevolent enterprise; he was known as the "cold water deacon," when temperance was not yet in embryo.

The mother, a woman of delicate constitution and feeble health, was one always thirsting for knowledge, eager for improvement, and ever stimulating her children to a more rapid progress. Faint and weary

with household duties, she would be obliged often to take a few moments' rest, even in the busiest part of the day, and so the Bible, Scott's Commentary, or some other good book was at hand, that the time lost for manual labor might be saved for intellectual or spiritual profit.

Too ill to sit up, she would lie down and read, and when her children were young, "it was her habit to quiet them with stories from the Bible, of which she had a fund always ready." Old Testament stories, in these days considered somewhat *passè*, were great favorites with the little group. Tales of Saul and David, of Gideon and Barak and Jephthah, till the young hearts were fired with enthusiasm and delight.

A great reader of history and biography, treasures from these stores, also, were brought forward to enrich the minds of her children, begetting in them a fondness for the same intellectual food. This judicious mother watched carefully her little flock in all points where temptation would be likely to assail them. Their recreations, their companions, nothing escaped her vigilant eye. When they were in school, she kept herself familiar with their text-books, following them from lesson to lesson, assisting, explaining, sympathizing. "During the vacations they were kept busily employed, knitting, sewing, or attending to domestic duties, and were never allowed to leave home without permission." No idling was tolerated, no work half done; they were trained to work with a will when working was in order, and to play in the same way.

Unhesitating, unquestioning obedience was always expected and received, for the mother, like Abraham of old, could command her household after her. Yet,

mingled with her dignity, and pervading all, was a vein of playfulness and humor which relieved the strong points and constituted one great charm of her character.

An extract from a letter written by one who was a pupil at the Academy in its early days, may be in point here. In regard to Mrs. Hasseltine, the writer says: "She was a strong-minded woman, yet not in the modern acceptation of the term, for she did not desire publicity beyond the sphere assigned; not regarding the care and culture of her children as an ignoble task, or home duties degrading. The high principles instilled into her daughters have made them eminently useful and respected. They rise up and call her blessed, which is her best and most fitting memorial."

It seems strange to us that a feeble woman could infuse so much life and energy into all about her. But so it was, and as we linger over this part of our topic, we find some of our questions answered; and it seems only natural that the subjects of such training should rise superior to the common level, and leave their impress on the times in which they lived. Yet they were not perfect as children, nor very rapid or remarkable in any of their early developments.

There is one incident related of Abby which is a little singular. She did not talk at all till she was four years old, and then as if ignoring the broken speech, and despising the common ways of babyhood, talked all at once, and nearly as well as an adult. Her progress in learning to read was very slow, and any one seeing her at the age of ten or eleven years, would have thought her only an ordinary child, though some of her characteristics were even then significant.

When she was twelve years old she commenced the study of arithmetic, for which she showed great fondness, and from that time advanced rapidly, making good progress in everything she undertook.

She was fifteen years of age when the Academy was established, in 1803, only a stone's throw from her father's door, and with her sisters she entered among its earlier pupils. Here she soon ranked among the best, and we are told "she excelled in penmanship, in drawing maps, and projecting eclipses, which last accomplishment in those days formed a very important part of a young lady's education."

These years of her life, from twelve to eighteen, always important years to every one, seemed especially so to Abigail. Not being a precocious child, and no hot-house growth having been forced upon her, to exhaust and weaken mentally and physically, when once fairly aroused she threw her whole soul into her work, and the result was eminently satisfactory.

Not so brilliant or rapid in her mental processes as her sister Ann, she accomplished as much, and perhaps more, by her energetic and unremitting application. There was now no need to urge her onward; her teachers were only obliged to guide and direct her efforts. She is spoken of at this time as cheerful and lively, quick at repartee, and with a strong perception of the ludicrous, but as always having "something sensible to talk about." She seldom entered into the trifling chit-chat on dress, and fashion, and beaux, which sometimes occupies so much of school-girl time. A good talk with "mother" about the heroes of Greek and Roman history, a gay skirmish with "sister Mary" on the respective merits of their favo-

rite authors, an invigorating ramble in the woods, or an entertaining book, these were the amusements she liked best. Her executive abilities, for which she was afterwards so remarkable, were already beginning to be acknowledged. She could cook if occasion demanded equal to the best, or attend to the family sewing, or care for the sick skillfully and judiciously. There were invalids in the neighborhood who thought no one could shake up the bed, or arrange the pillows, or make a bowl of broth like Abigail Hasseltine. And in her home, proverbial for its free and hearty entertainment of strangers, who could make the guest-chamber ready with a quicker hand or a nicer taste than she; or minister more gracefully and efficiently to the wants of the many, who, according to the fashion of the times, claimed and received their hospitality so continually.

Cultivated in intellect, refined in manner, affectionate, energetic, kind-hearted, with a high standard of morality, was anything wanting but years and experience for the perfection of such a character? Was anything lacking except that which development and maturity would bring?

II.

CONVERSION. — MISSIONARY WORK.

1806–1815.

SO far Abby had lived for this world only. Rich in home and friends, busy with work and study and healthful recreation, she had trodden a pleasant pathway, yet with no heavenly radiance shining on it. She had read the Bible and enjoyed it as a grand old book full of poetry and glorious imagery and heroic deeds, but its deeper meanings had not dawned on her. She was accustomed to discuss its doctrines with Dr. Woods and Dr. Spring, and other eminent divines who frequented her father's house, and she could argue with the ablest. The most of the great truths of the Bible she received intellectually, but they had not yet entered her heart, and the great central glory of the whole, the cross of Christ in its relations to herself, was hidden from her eyes.

But now the whisper of the Spirit was arousing her soul to a consciousness of its highest responsibility and greatest need. In the inmost recesses of her heart there was a demand for something which should satisfy the cravings of the immortal, and Abby began to ask most earnestly: "What must I do to be saved?"

Hers was no shallow nature, moved by each passing fancy, and stirred by every lightest breath of emo-

tion. Consequently, in the wonderful revival which moved the whole valley of the Merrimac at this time, we do not find her among the first who yielded even to these sacred influences. Many of her companions, whose religious impressions commenced at the same time with her own, found light and peace while she was still groping in darkness.

Among the more prominent of these, beside her three sisters, we find Harriet Atwood, better known as Harriet Newell, the devoted young missionary, and Mary Wheelwright, whose name, as Mrs. Dr. Codman of Dorchester, is so well known and loved in Boston and its vicinity.

The members of the school were all, or nearly all, powerfully impressed by religious truth, and so all-absorbing was the interest, that the regular studies were suspended for a time, and prayers substituted for recitations. There was no wild enthusiasm or excitement, but a current of feeling strong and deep, which would force its way, despite every obstacle; and among the many seeking Christ and inquiring the way of life, not one pursued the subject with such a protracted, intense, and almost agonizing interest as Abigail.

It had been her strong desire to become qualified to teach, and on the recommendation of the Preceptor of the Academy and others, she had engaged a small school at Byfield, Massachusetts, for the summer of this year. It was to be her first effort, and of course she was looking forward to it with great interest, and feeling also that much of her future success as a teacher depended on the reputation she should here make for herself.

But as the time drew near, her soul was still agi-

tated with doubts and fears, and she hesitated about entering a new field of labor, and surrounding herself with engrossing cares until these vital questions were settled.

Yielding, however, to the advice of friends she commenced her school, but her heart was not in it. Such a sense of sin pervaded her whole being, that she was bowed to the very dust under its weight. She could see no way of escape, no city of refuge opening its gates to receive her; no ray of light pierced the gloom; no sweet promise was for her; she had sinned too deeply for words of pardon and peace to reach her soul.

And now another question arose. Ought she, so full of sin, at a distance from her heavenly Father, and under his frown, as she thought, ought she to be intrusted with the care of children and youth? Not in the right way herself, should she assume to guide others? Straightforward and conscientious, she soon decided in the negative, and with an independence rarely equalled, made arrangements for her sister Ann to take the school, and returned home. This course was like herself, and as this long continued mental conflict had really unfitted her for her school studies, it was probably the only wise course to pursue.

But still the cloud was not removed. For four long, weary months she continued in a state of gloom and despondency which was very distressing. All that sympathy and love and counsel could do, was done by her Christian friends, but seemed of no avail. It was a matter between her own soul and God, with which a stranger could not intermeddle.

Days and weeks passed slowly away, and losing her

activity and energy and buoyancy, she became listless and dejected. She would sit for hours in deep thought, abstracted from all around, her eyes bent on the floor, with a little restless motion of the right hand pressing upon the left, until friends were fearful that reason might be dethroned.

At last, in God's own time, the light came, not in a flood, but gradually. As the cloud rifted, first the stars were visible, then the flush of morning, and afterward the full sunlight of God's love.

Redeeming love! How did she magnify its power in after years, among the hundreds who hung upon her words, and learned of Jesus and the new life from her matchless teachings.

It was not in vain that she passed through that discipline of darkness. It gave her an experience which was of inestimable value in dealing with sin-burdened souls, and a sympathy with the tempted and suffering which she could not otherwise have possessed.

She was one who never wished to talk much of her own feelings, and in regard to her inner, spiritual life she was always extremely reticent. Yet, if need be, if another could be benefited thereby, she could recur to that period of gloom, and tell of her pride, of her lack of faith, and above all, of her stubborn will, which for so long time refused to yield to the will of the Eternal.

But the shadow never was over her again. The Sun of Righteousness had arisen on her soul, and for the remainder of her long and useful life she walked in the light, a consistent, cheerful Christian. In her religious principles she was firm and uncompromising, and always very clear and decided in her doctrinal belief. One incident, the exact date of which we can-

not fix, but which could not have been later than this year, shows her perfect fearlessness in expressing her opinion.

At a time when Unitarianism was making a great schism in the churches, a literary circle to which she belonged met at her father's house. The object of the meeting was mutual improvement; and a gentleman present requested permission to read a sermon which was making quite a sensation, and which was decidedly Arminian in its tendency.

As he finished reading, he closed the pamphlet with this remark: "That is a masterly argument, who would dare attempt to refute it?"

A momentary silence ensued, when a deep, decided voice broke the silence, and Miss Abigail Hasseltine said, —

"I do, sir."

She then proceeded to show the fallacy of the reasoning, and with so much success that the first impression which the sermon had made was quite destroyed.

It was not long after this that she taught a school in Pembroke, N. H., receiving her credentials from Abraham Burnham, then Preceptor of Bradford Academy, and afterward pastor for so many years of the Congregational church in Pembroke.

The document is before us, yellow and time-worn, but well preserved and legible still. We copy it *verbatim.*

"*To all whom it may concern:* —

"This certifies that Abigail Hasseltine is a young lady of an unblemished moral character, has made laudable attainments in academical learning, and is well qualified to

teach children and youth in reading, writing, English grammar, and common arithmetic.

"ABRAHAM BURNHAM, { *Preceptor of Brad. Acad.*

"BRADFORD, *January* 1, 1807."

At Pembroke she was successful and beloved; and here commenced her life-long fondness for teaching; but we have no further particulars in regard to this field. She went from thence to Beverly, where she remained three years. We cannot follow her very closely through these years of preparatory labor. They were years of discipline to her, years in which she was trying her strength and adding to it. Teaching and studying — teaching "children and youth in reading, writing, English grammar, and common arithmetic," studying human nature and her own heart, and seizing any and every opportunity for improvement.

While Abigail was thus engaged at Beverly, her sister Ann at home was trying to decide the important question which was forcing itself upon her, of missionary life and labor among the heathen.

Abby was exceedingly interested in the whole matter from the first, and while there was much opposition and cavilling and reproach from others, her judgment and sympathies were in favor of the project, and her coöperation strong and hearty. It is true she declined personally embarking in the enterprise, much to the regret of some concerned, but it was not for lack of love for the cause. She left her school and was with Mrs. Judson some days before she sailed, and the sisters took "sweet counsel together." They were tenderly attached to each other, and the parting

could not be other than a sad one. Yet sympathizing fully in their views of the object sought, and their hearts fired with devotion to their Master, their farewell consisted largely in words of encouragement and cheer and high-hearted Christian faith. And so the sisters separated and took each her way, both missionaries, one to the home and one to the foreign field.

The scene of Abby's next labor was at Great Rock, a village covering the corners of three towns, Byfield, Rowley, and Newbury, where she taught a charity school supported by a society of young ladies. This society was called the Philendian Society, and originated in Bradford, having for its object the establishment of schools for the instruction of poor children. Funds were raised and schools established under the auspices of this society in many places.

We have before us an interesting letter written to the secretary of the Philendian Society by Dr. Parish, whose field of labor was in Byfield.

"BYFIELD, *April 28th*, 1813.

"*To* MISS MARY HASSELTINE,

Secretary of the Philendian Society:—

"Yours of the eighteenth instant I have received. I have visited the neighborhood which is the contemplated object of your benevolence. The people are universally pleased with the kindness of your society, and have already completed their arrangements for boarding an instructress at their own expense. They have selected the very house, which I mentioned to you as their best. This circumstance augurs good, being indicative of their respect, and their disposition to do all they can. I think it wonderful that you and they should be so disposed at the same time. I know of no mission which promises greater good, if it be accompanied by equal smiles of Providence. I

think that under God everything here depends on the adaptation of the instructress to the arduous office. She will need great patience to teach such uncultured, and probably in many instances intractable children. She will need great affability and a flow of spirits to drop into the cottages with ease and converse with the families. She will need determined perseverance, not to be discouraged with the imperfect progress of her pupils and the various unpleasant circumstances which most certainly will occur from time to time. She will borrow no aid from vanity. Neither Europe nor America will gaze on her fortitude. Nor will 'extracts of letters' from China or Labrador trumpet her praises.

> " ' Far other aims her heart must learn to prize,
> More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.'

"The school may be opened as soon as it may be convenient on your part, though I think it may as well, for particular reasons, not commence sooner than the middle of May.

"Accept my highest respects for your society, and the cordial assurance of all that aid and support of the contemplated school, which my feeble health and other duties will permit.

"With great respect I am, yours,

"E. PARISH."

Abigail Hasseltine was the teacher unanimously chosen to fill this important place, and entered upon her duties as soon as the requisite arrangements could be made.

Here was missionary work indeed, among the poor and illiterate where there was no sound of a church-going bell, where the Sabbath was disregarded, and the claims of a divine law almost ignored. But nothing daunted, Abby went to work with a will, and won all hearts by her disinterested devotion to

their welfare. We suppose she must have possessed that "affability" which Dr. Parish thought so desirable, for she was soon very popular in the "cottages" well as in the school.

She labored to elevate spiritually and socially while she was teaching the rudiments of English. She used the Bible, perhaps, as much as the spelling-book, and taught the ten commandments with the multiplication table. We can almost see the eager, motley group surrounding the young teacher, while she tells them in simple and forcible language of Christ and his great love for them. The flushed cheek and kindling eye indicate their interest, while the questions, which occasionally interrupt the story, show the need of such teaching.

Early and late, for six months she toiled in this work with unflagging interest, and then found that there was a limit to her strength and powers of endurance. She gave up the school to her sister Mary, and returned home with shattered nerves, and a system worn down by hard labor, and remained a long time under the care of a physician. But youth and a good constitution triumphed, and on her recovery she commenced her life-work in Bradford Academy.

Mary, meanwhile, had become as much interested in the school at Great Rock as her sister had been, carrying out Abigail's plans and adding wise ones of her own. She remained there three years, witnessing with joy much improvement among both young and old, and leaving the people in a state of great seriousness. A young man from the academy at Andover, succeeded her, and while under his instruction a powerful revival visited the place, changing the whole aspect of the village.

About this time the first Sunday-school in Bradford was established through the efforts of Miss Mary Hasseltine, who says : —

"On the second Sabbath of May, 1814, after the close of divine service in the afternoon, about thirty children repaired to the old red school-house, where a Sunday-school was opened for religious instruction. Miss Gage and Miss L. Kimball were my assistants, rendering most efficient aid and showing a deep interest in the work. We commenced by reading a chapter in the Bible, then questioning the children upon it and explaining it.

"We afterwards used Emerson's 'Doctrinal and Historical Catechism' together with the 'Assembly's Divine,' as their age and capacity would admit. We always closed with a short address and prayer, to which all gave the most anxious attention."

III.

THE PRECEPTRESS.

1815–1825.

IT was in the summer of 1815, that Miss Hasseltine entered the Academy as assistant teacher. Mr. Greenleaf had become connected with the school the year previous, as Preceptor, and Miss Gage was associated with him as Preceptress.

A little incident which we have heard Miss Hasseltine laughingly tell, may come in here, serving to show how little she or any one else dreamed that her hand was to sway the sceptre there for years and years. Mr. Greenleaf and Miss Gage had their chairs upon a raised platform at one end of the room, and now that there was to be another teacher, she must have a seat of dignity also.

But whether the institution was poor and wanted to be economical, or whether it was thought best to keep the assistant humble, or whether the arrangement was only temporary, we cannot tell; but a kitchen chair was borrowed from a friendly neighbor, and placed, not on the platform, but near it, and here Abigail made her debût.

It was probably just as well that no great outlay was made for a seat at that time, for in a few weeks Miss Gage was obliged to leave on account of sickness, and did not again return. So the kitchen chair

was sent home again, and Miss Hasseltine shared the dais with Mr. Greenleaf.

"Tall and slender, a fine figure, a clear gray eye, heavy braids of brown hair put round a large comb, and worn high on the head, interesting in appearance but not handsome, with an air of conscious dignity, yet modest and unassuming;" such were the externals of Abigail Hasseltine when she first received the title of Preceptress of Bradford Academy.

In the twelve years of the Academy's existence, there had been many changes of teachers, which had been felt as a great evil. After each successive change the friends of the school had hoped to realize their dream of permanency, and as many times been disappointed. If an especially good female teacher was employed, and congratulations began to be exchanged on their success at last, the next intelligence would be that she was to be married very soon, or going on a mission, or that her health had failed.

But now they were to try again. Miss Hasseltine was well and favorably known among them, a native of the town, educated in the Academy, a successful teacher elsewhere for several years; it was not strange that, when Miss Gage's chair became vacant, many hearts should turn towards her as just the one for the emergency.

There were no fears or misgivings about her ability; that had been fully proved, and a few weeks of trial in her new situation showed her administrative power to be equal to her attainments, while her popularity was almost unprecedented.

Mr. Greenleaf was also succeeding finely in his own department, the number of pupils was increasing, and

the Trustees began to breathe more freely, and to consider themselves exceedingly fortunate.

Could they have looked into the future, and beheld the years of prosperity which would come to the beloved institution, mainly through the labors and influence of Miss Hasseltine, their hearts would have been glad indeed. The Academy had its origin in the self-denial and liberality of the inhabitants of the town, not of the few but of the many. These intelligent and large-hearted farmers resolved that their children should have the means of acquiring a better education than the parents possessed, and so, with prayer and faith and works, the school was founded. Again and again in its hour of need had they come to the rescue with their hard-earned dollars.

There was, and fortunately too, no one individual with princely munificence, to endow it with his fortune and his name. Small subscriptions and contributions, if multitudinous, were better, and they were gladly received. It was almost like the founding of Harvard College, where one would bring a bushel of corn or a peck of beans and another two or three silver spoons to help along the good cause. Who wonders that the school became the pet and pride of the community! And as years passed and Miss Hasseltine became more and more identified with its interests, and with indomitable energy, with toil and self-sacrifice, was carrying it steadily onward and upward, were they not proud of her too? She was one of themselves, building up their school, despite every obstacle, steadily refusing all offers, however brilliant, of positions elsewhere, and with small pay and hard work, preferring "to dwell among her own people."

They did well to be proud of her.

A letter before us, written by Miss Bartlett, whose home was in Haverhill, and who was a member of the Academy in 1815, will show how the school was patronized by those in the vicinity at that time, and give some little idea of the influence of such an institution, broadening and deepening and multiplying as the current of time flows on.

We give a short extract: —

"Eleven of my father's family were connected with the Academy at different times, three brothers and eight sisters. One of the sisters was very intimate with Mrs. Judson, two were dear friends of Harriet Newell. Four of them, we trust, are now rejoicing with their friends in heaven. My husband, a clergyman, was also a member of the school at Bradford, and fitted for college under Mr. Greenleaf. The sisters who yet remain are all Christians, and also many of their children, several of the latter marrying ministers and being exceedingly useful in their various places of residence.

"How much the training and discipline of Bradford Academy had to do with moulding and forming their characters I cannot say, but seed was sown in those days which has sprung up and borne fruit abundantly.

"And now, scattered as they are over a wide extent of country, may we not hope that children, and children's children, will be generations to God's praise."

The husband of the lady who writes this letter, the clergyman above alluded to, says of his wife, "My success in the ministry is largely due to her good sense, her Christian life, and hearty coöperation in every good work."

The religious character of the school was an acknowledged fact from the first, but more distinctly recognized after the repeated baptisms of the Spirit

which it received in its early days. An extract from another letter, dating back to 1816, will give us some information on this point: —

"The next year after Miss Hasseltine became connected with the school, there was an interesting revival, though not so marked or general as some others, and the faithful instructions of our teacher at that time can never be forgotten. Some of my companions, who became Christians then, have proved to the world the genuineness of their religion, and for myself I have occasion to thank God always that I was once a member of Bradford Academy."

Again, 1817: —

"It is now nearly fifty years since I entered that school with an elder sister, who, if she were living, would furnish reminiscences far more definite and valuable than I can. I am happy to state my conviction that the religious impressions she received, while connected with the Academy, resulted in the formation of a remarkably consistent and steadfast Christian character. She always remembered Bradford with interest and affection.

"The influences there were decidedly religious. The pupils of the male department came in at the opening and close of school for devotional exercises, conducted usually by Mr. Greenleaf, though quite frequently some clergyman would be present and address the school. I remember evening meetings which were conducted by students from Andover. I have always felt grateful that I went to Bradford, for I have ever felt that the religious instruction which I received there was the means of bringing me to a decision on the subject of personal religion. I have also felt that I owed much of my subsequent success in acquiring knowledge to the thoroughness with which I was then instructed."

One of 1818: —

"The first or spring term of this year opened with a

large school, fifty males and a hundred females at least, and among them many fine scholars, with quite a number of devoted Christians. One whom I especially remember was Miss Mary Christie, who married a missionary and sailed for Ceylon shortly after leaving us. Much attention was given to the subject of religion, and Miss H. was unwearied in her endeavors to lead us to the true fountain of all knowledge."

The writer of the following letter was a pupil of 1816, Miss A. T. Sanborn : —

"MEDFORD, *October 5th*, 1866.

"MY DEAR MISS HASSELTINE, — Memory loves to revert to those seasons spent in Bradford under your supervision. The lessons which you taught me, both by precept and example, have remained with me through life's journey. In all my wanderings, both in this and foreign lands, it has been one of my chief joys to have known Miss Hasseltine and profited by her instructions.

"Surely, the fact that your life has been spent for the good of others, must render the evening of your days serene and delightful.

"The good book says, 'They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.'

"The Lord bless you and keep you, and cause His face to shine upon you.

"And now with the endearing recollections of 'Auld Lang Syne,' and the warmest admiration of your course through life, I am

"Most affectionately and truly yours,

"A. T. JAMES."

Extract from a letter written by a pupil of 1823 : —

"Two events occurred during this year which were of great interest. One was the arrival of Mrs. Judson from Burmah. I well remember her pleasant face and dignified

manner, as she entered the school-room, accompanied by a brother of her husband.

"Her sister, our beloved teacher, introduced her to us, and she addressed the school at that time and afterwards. She also invited us to meet her on Saturday afternoon, and listen to some account of her missionary life. I was not able to go, but those who did, were greatly affected by her narrative, which was thrilling in the extreme.

"The other event was losing our assistant teacher, Miss Ann Parker (Mrs. Isaac Bird), who left us to go on a mission to Palestine. She was greatly beloved in the school, and we were extremely sorry to part with her.

"As for Miss Hasseltine, her name will be fondly cherished while memory retains its power, and when I say that, I say it for hundreds beside myself."

We cannot refrain from mentioning here a singular coincidence. Just as the last extract was copied out, a letter was received from the same Miss Parker, so affectionately spoken of. After years of missionary work abroad she returned to this country with her husband, and together they engaged in teaching. The eldest son, the Reverend William Bird, is a missionary located at Mount Lebanon. A daughter, the present Mrs. Van Lennep, has been nineteen years in the Armenian mission. Another daughter, wife of a clergyman, is gone to her heavenly home. A second son, Principal of Sedgwick Institute, and other children are walking in the heavenly way. Surely God is faithful to his promises!

Mrs. Bird's letter is replete with interest, and we quote from it as follows: —

"My first acquaintance with Miss Hasseltine was as her pupil, though afterward I was associated with her as a teacher.

"We were all, as pupils, greatly impressed with her dignity, and the ease with which she governed us, moving about in our midst like a queen. She never laid aside her queenly character, and we never laid aside our respect for her. She once said to me, that in early life she was very diffident, and whenever in company with her younger sister, Mrs. Judson, she always left Ann to do the talking. I expressed my surprise at this; but she assured me that she often had this old feeling of diffidence come over her.

"Among her pupils at this time, were Mrs. Thurston and Mrs. Bishop of the early Sandwich Island Missionaries, also Miss Christie (Mrs. Spaulding) of the Ceylon Mission.

"When Miss Christie left the Seminary, the young ladies, who were much interested in her, wished to have a way of communication open by which they could all hear from her regularly, without imposing the tax on her of writing to each one separately.

"The following plan was then devised, namely, that Miss Christie should, on her arrival in Ceylon, select two children, a boy and a girl, the boy to be called Parker Kimball Hasseltine, and the girl Fanny Baker. These children were to be supported by the young ladies of Bradford Academy, and to be watched over by Miss C., or rather by Mrs. Spaulding, as much as possible, she writing to the secretary of the society regularly about herself and the children, and the secretary sending the information to the different members. The boy was named for the three teachers, and the girl for a beloved member of the school who had died in the triumphs of faith."

A letter from Miss B. of Boston mentions Mrs. Judson on this wise:—

"She was a woman of much grace and beauty and of a refined and lady-like manner. She visited the school and entertained us greatly with accounts of her life in India, of the trials and hindrances of the missionaries, and other matters of interest. No one could be with her long and

not see that her whole heart was in her work. She was said to be the handsomest of the four sisters, and perhaps she was. We loved and honored our Miss Hasseltine so entirely that we never thought or cared much about her personal appearance."

A letter from Mrs. Fowler of Danvers, a pupil at Bradford in 1824: —

"My Dear Friend, — I do not imagine that I can add anything to the material already collected in regard to Miss Hasseltine, but I will try to give you some of my own impressions of her as a religious teacher. After the lapse of forty-five years, I have a more fresh and vivid recollection of our Bible lesson on each Monday morning, than of any other exercise of the school.

"I seem now to see her, as with her well-known grace and dignity, she seated herself at the desk in the old school-room.

"As she opened the Bible, after seeking divine assistance, we all felt that she had been communing with its author, and asking wisdom to guide us aright. Her familiarity with the Scriptures was wonderful to us, who had not gathered much from this great store-house of knowledge, as she was wont to call it. She threw her whole soul into the lesson, and by apt illustrations, interesting incidents, and historical allusions, enchained the attention of her pupils perfectly. She often assigned us some Scripture character as a lesson, and with her wonderful powers of analysis and description, would bring forward all the prominent traits of the person, in so strong a light, that they were indelibly impressed upon our minds.

"She urged the claims of God upon our hearts with such clearness and force, that we trembled under an appalling consciousness of our guilt, and then with the most earnest tenderness she portrayed the love of the Saviour till we were melted to tears.

"Although with some, these impressions were as the

morning cloud and the early dew, yet through all the successive years of her teaching many were led by her efforts to a Christian life, and an influence has gone forth from Bradford Academy, blessing not only New England, but irradiating even the dark lands of paganism with the light of the Gospel.

"Deeply interested in the cause of missions herself, she strove to awaken the same spirit in her pupils, and succeeded in an eminent degree. Eternity alone will disclose the results of the long continued and self-denying efforts of Miss Hasseltine in behalf of the institution she loved so well.

"Yours, H. P. F."

So much for forty and fifty years ago. But fifty years ago is a distant point from which to summon our witnesses. In the weary march or hotly contested battle of life very many have fallen from the ranks, and the number of those who now answer to the roll-call is comparatively few. Yet those few will tell you, that to talk of Bradford and its old-time memories, stirs their blood to a quicker pulsing, and kindles in the heart again those fires of early affection and interest which time can never extinguish.

As we come down to later days the testimony is more full and abundant, and it is our intention to select, from the many letters received from the old pupils, such as will give, if possible, a serial picture of the school and its surroundings, and thus let the daughters of the institution write their own memorial.

IV.

MISCELLANIES.

1825–1830.

MISS HASSELTINE always lived in her father's house, which was but a few rods from the Academy, and to this home life we attribute, in a great measure, the length and success of her career.

Surrounded by familiar objects and comforts, her parents with her for many years, and one sister for her whole life, enlivened by the society of children, her deceased brother's children, one of whom she adopted and provided for as her own, she lived less artificially than most teachers, and consequently endured longer.

It was wonderful how she carried so many burdens and cares for so many years ; but growing up with the institution, she gradually became accustomed to the weight of responsibility.

Her insight into character was very remarkable, more like intuition than judgment. Her keen but kindly eye passed over you, and your measure was taken ; she knew apparently from that moment, how much and how far to trust, and whether her confidence would be abused or no.

Though living at home, she always had an oversight of every boarding-house and each pupil, assigning rooms and room-mates, and maintaining a strict watchfulness over all.

Woe to the luckless girl who, presuming she should escape Miss Hasseltine's eye because she boarded at a little distance from her, relaxed her attention to the rules, did not keep study hours with exactness, slept a little later in the morning than was allowed, or went "over the river" without permission.

There was no evading her watchfulness, and after one or two trials, such attempts were always abandoned as fruitless.

"You have been doing something wrong, Miss P.; step in here and tell me honestly all about it," said Miss Hasseltine one afternoon, opening the door of a recitation-room, and motioning the culprit to enter.

"I! Wrong!"

"Yes. What is it?"

With that eye upon her, evasion or suppression was impossible, and the story of girlish folly was all laid open. She had been sitting up late at night to read novels, injuring her health and neglecting rules and lessons.

"'Now, Miss Hasseltine, how did you hear of it? I knew it was wrong, and I had determined never to do so again, but who could have told you?"

"My dear child, no one has told me anything but yourself. I could read in your face, your look, your manner, that something was amiss, and so I inquired into it."

This was her method of supervision, and it was hard for pupils to go far astray with such a watchful care ever about them.

Each young lady was to have the charge of her own room and keep it in order. But if there came a day when she was remiss, if the bed-cover was a little awry, dust left on the mantel, or books out of

place, that very morning, while the young lady herself, unsuspicious and unconcerned, was reciting in her algebra or history class, Miss Hasseltine would make a descent on the room, and every little delinquency would be noted.

Bradford Academy was no place for half-way work; all must be done thoroughly and promptly. Much wisdom was needed with so many pupils in private families, to adapt the one to the other, and occasionally a complaining spirit would develop itself, and "a bread and butter rebellion" be inaugurated. At such times Miss Hasseltine's practical common sense always came to the rescue.

They would perhaps be informed, that young ladies who were well brought up and had good fare at home, were always the last to complain of a boarding-house table.

Or an arithmetical calculation would be made, showing that when they paid only two dollars per week for board, which was the actual price of board for a long time at the Academy, that would make an average of about nine and a half cents a meal, to say nothing of washing, etc., and for this money they could hardly expect the luxuries of a city hotel! And her logic was usually effectual. In the large boarding-house there were always some of the teachers, and sometimes when there was a large number of pupils in a private family, and there was any fear of their being more than commonly unruly, a teacher would be placed with them to keep them in check.

On one occasion, Miss Hasseltine, feeling some anxiety in regard to a set of lively girls at a little distance from the Academy, spoke to a young teacher about boarding with them and taking charge of them.

The teacher preferred much to stay where she was, and expressed herself quite decidedly on the subject.

"My dear," said Miss Hasseltine, "I know it will not be so easy or so pleasant as to remain where you are now. But are you not willing to make some sacrifice for the good of those girls at Mrs. K.'s? You have had some thought of missionary labor at the West, and I have hoped you might sometime become very useful. But if you cannot give up your own comfort and convenience now for the sake of others, will you be prepared for constant self-denial in a larger sphere? Many people are ready to do some great thing, but the little things of daily life are the tests of character."

Next to Miss Hasseltine, Miss Sarah Kimball, commonly called "Teacher Kimball," was for years the most prominent teacher in the school. Somewhat angular in form, plain in face, and precise in manner, the first impression she made was not in her favor.

Exact in her ideas of justice, faithful and conscientious in the discharge of duty, she was emphatically a terror to evil-doers, but just the reverse to those who loved study and quietly submitted to discipline.

And even those pupils who had done wrong, if they came to Miss Kimball, penitently and honestly confessing their wrong, would be kindly and lovingly received, and sent away with brighter faces and lighter hearts.

She always commanded respect and generally won affection, while between herself and Miss Hasseltine there was the most perfect and cordial understanding. But consumption marked her for its victim, and she passed from earth to a heavenly home, to be forever a pupil in the school of Christ.

She was connected with Bradford Academy about thirteen years, commencing in 1822.

The following letter will show Miss Hasseltine's judicious thoughtfulness in suiting companions to each other, so as to develop the religious element where it existed, and benefit those who were destitute of it: —

"I arrived at Bradford an entire stranger, but was welcomed cordially by Miss Hasseltine and at once made happy by her Christian and cheerful urbanity.

"Several other young ladies had arrived, and we were seeking congenial spirits for room-mates, the religious assorting with each other. Our Principal. more wise and benevolent than ourselves, interposed, expressing the wish that the salt be diffused.

"Readily complying with her better judgment, I was assigned to a boarding house with three young ladies who were not professors of religion. This awakened my own sense of responsibility, and made me anxious to exert a right moral and religious influence. We had devotional exercises every evening and they did not object, while the arrangement was at least beneficial to me. That year was highly conducive to my progress in a religious life, as well as in secular science. Of Miss Hasseltine I have the most pleasant memories. She always carried a heart of kindness, and with the faithful discharge of her duties, blended genuine politeness.

"At the daily opening of the school the exercises were impressive and interesting.

"Monday morning was devoted to the Bible lesson, which we enjoyed more than any other recitation of the week."

Another letter illustrates the same point: —

"In the spring of 1827 I became a member of Bradford Academy. Before the close of the first week, our teacher,

whom we had already begun to love and respect, requested all who loved the Saviour, to remain a few moments after the close of school.

"She then addressed us in a kind, affectionate manner, pointing out our obligations and duties as Christians, and urging upon us the importance of exerting a good influence upon our companions.

"When she learned the fact, that I was the only professor of religion in the family where I boarded, and that there were seven other young ladies there, she took me by the hand, and with an earnestness I can never forget, she said: 'Are you willing to read the Scriptures and offer prayer among these young ladies at the close of each day?'

"I told her I feared to attempt it, that some among them were light and frivolous, and they would be unwilling.

"After listening patiently to my excuses, she became more earnest in her manner, and again pressed the question: 'If I will come to your room first, talk with them, and open the way, will you undertake it?'

"Overcome by her persuasions, I promised, though with a trembling heart. She came to my room, laid the matter before the young ladies, obtained their consent to the arrangement, and they came in regularly during the whole term.

"I have always regarded this incident as most salutary in its influence upon my whole life. Its memory inspires the deepest and most lively emotions of gratitude. Surely the daughters, who have been so highly favored as to enjoy the instruction and influence of such a Christian woman, will 'arise up and call her blessed.'"

V.

THE OLD ACADEMY. — JOEL'S ROAD.

1830–1836.

MENTION has been made of eight sisters, all of whom attended school at Bradford in the early days of the institution. This was a Bartlett family.

There was also another family of seven sisters, who, each in her turn, came here to be educated, and two to remain as teachers and assist in educating others — the "Pleiades" as we liked to call them, and though in the group, one star differed from another star in brilliancy, we never could perceive that any one of them was dim.

Their names are closely interwoven with the history of the school for many years, and though three of the band have passed on to their heavenly rest, may we not still say of the seven, that their interest in Bradford Academy remains unabated? A letter from one of these sisters, Mrs. James T. Robinson (Clara Briggs) gives a good picture of the old Academy and the old dispensation generally: —

"My Dear Mrs. B.: — I wish it were in my power to send you anything which would add to the interest of a Memorial of Bradford. I can see now the old, unpainted, low-studded Academy as vividly as when, a young maiden, I went between the three posts, which did the duty of gate,

up the little path, ascended the two stone steps, and entered the long, narrow hall.

"At the further end of this hall, on the left, was a door leading into an oblong room, called the 'ladies' apartment.' In entering our door, we had to pass the door of Mr. Greenleaf's apartment at the right, which, in spite of the oft-reiterated command to 'shut that door and keep it shut,' generally stood wide open as 'the girls' came tripping in to school.

"I presume we were not unwilling that it should be so, for the rules in regard to social intercourse between the male and female department were very strict, and our only chance of catching a glimpse of each other was at some such time.

"Woe to the young lady who had transgressed these rules ever so slightly. Miss Hasseltine, by a word or a look, would make us shrink into ourselves, and wish the ground would just kindly open and swallow us up. But I do not think we transgressed very often. We were of that age when we were much to each other, and rather despised the male sex, and we also valued our teacher's good opinion too highly to risk losing it.

"Our grounds were enclosed by a rail fence, and we had one recitation-room apart from the main building, where Miss Hasseltine held her classes. Our names were all written on cards, and we answered as they were called, so there was no opportunity for us to know beforehand what parts of the lesson would come to us.

"Many of our school-books had no printed questions, and Miss Hasseltine either prepared the questions herself in advance of the lesson, or had them prepared by some of the pupils under her direction.

"She was exceedingly interesting in explanations, making a dry lesson as charming as a story.

"She seldom praised our performances, but we knew instantly, if she were pleased; her whole face would light

up, and the few simple words of commendation which she bestowed were enough to live on for a long time.

"Saturday morning was the weekly review, when all the delinquencies of the week were made to pass before us, and we understood fully whether we had made progress in the days preceding. Saturday afternoon was our own, and the only time in the week when we could cross the river to Haverhill without permission. A toll-bridge connected the two places, and the toll-man always had a heavy receipt of coppers that day.

"But of all our recitations, our Bible lesson was the pleasantest. Monday morning was devoted to it. First we were called on for the texts, and what we could remember of the sermons of the previous Sabbath. Then came our regular lesson, occupying nearly the whole time of the morning session.

"The Tabernacle, with its belongings, was under discussion when I entered the school, and our teacher made us build it, with the mercy-seat, the altar, the table, the court, and all the hangings, till we could almost see it before us.

"I have often wished I had preserved her questions, and wondered that no similar book for Bible classes has ever taken up that topic, and carried out the analogies between the Jewish types and the great Antitype.

"I can see our dear Miss Hasseltine as she came into school in the morning, habited in a dress of Quaker color, enlivened by a small, bright figure; on her arm a wicker basket, the cover opening like two leaves, in the middle; erect, clear-eyed, with a firm and measured tread, inspiring respect in every beholder. We were always in our seats to receive her, and rose at her entrance. With a slight but dignified inclination of the head she would say, "Good morning, young ladies," and when she was seated we took our seats.

"Our other teachers were Miss Kimball and Miss Harris, and we loved and revered them all. I think there

never was a more harmonious and happy school than ours, during the two years I was there.

"I went up to the dedication of the second building, but I had no enjoyment there. The old house was more beautiful to me than the new white hall which stood upon its site, commodious and spacious though it was. Miss Hasseltine had sent to me for a little poem to sing at that time. I could only send her a "lament for the old building," and she chose it as one of the dedicatory exercises.

"If I am so happy as to meet Miss H. in heaven, I shall have to thank her, not only for making my school-days bright and happy, but also for directing my mind in such a manner that I have never felt that I could leave off learning, and am looking forward to that higher school where there will be no impediments and no boundaries. She was a most blessed teacher to me, and I shall never cease to be grateful to her.

"Bradford is changed greatly now. The old Academy, the still older meeting-house, the brick store where we purchased all we needed, wearable and eatable — all are passed away, and they say the town is much improved; but I should miss so much, if I should go there, that I fear 'Ichabod' would be written upon the face of everything.

"I should miss the familiar tinkle of the bell that called me to school, and to evening study; my school-mates would not be there; Mr. Greenleaf with his cheery voice would not say, 'Good morning, Miss'; and above all, my own dear teachers would be absent, for they are all gone beyond the river. So I shall never, of my own free will, visit Bradford again, but my Bradford of the olden days I shall take with me through time into eternity.

"Yours truly, C. R."

A letter from another of these sisters, Caroline A. Briggs (Mrs. Mason, of Fitchburg):—

"My Dear Mrs. B.:— You have asked me for a letter

embodying my impressions of Miss Hasseltine, and containing incidents in my school-life at Bradford.

"You are not aware, perhaps, that I was twice at the institution, once in my earlier days, and again at a later date as a student of French and rhetoric.

"It is probably of the former period you wish me to write, as Miss Hasseltine must then, I judge, have been in the full glory of her powers, both intellectual and physical. Tall and stately in presence, dignified yet urbane in manner, as firm as she was gentle in her sway, I remember her as one whom we all loved as well as respected.

"There was one thing particularly noticeable in her method of managing a school. She practiced none of those petty tyrannies, which one sees made use of by less superior minds.

"Hence we were none of us afraid of Miss Hasseltine, I mean with that servile fear 'which hath torment.' A wholesome reverence for her, an instinctive dislike to awaken her deserved displeasure, we all felt. But she was too uniformly generous and just, to excite in us any other sentiment than respectful, reverential, yet affectionate regard.

"There was, too, about her an element of mirthfulness, a susceptibility to the ludicrous, the strength of which others perhaps would not credit, but which we scholars saw, and which we were not slow to enlist occasionally on our side.

"I remember one term, when we were studying geography by the aid of outline maps.

"One of the class was called upon to give the names of all the rivers in the United States and point out the localities.

"The young lady arose, and taking the long rod used for the purpose, commenced the formidable task, getting along swimmingly until she had gone through perhaps a fourth of them. Then, either seized 'by stage fright' or her memory failing her, she suddenly paused.

"'Very well,' said Miss Hasseltine; 'go on, what next?'

"The dilemma was becoming serious, for not a ghost of a river appeared to her memory in this agonizing emergency. But the young lady was equal to the occasion. Sweeping her rod over the whole face of the map, 'etc, etc.,' she said, then deliberately laying down the rod, walked coolly back to her seat, as though the whole matter were satisfactorily disposed of.

"For a moment the class sat petrified at the nonchalance and audacity of the act, but turning their eyes to Miss Hasseltine, they saw her shaking with laughter, and a general explosion followed.

"The first to recover herself, however, 'That will answer, Miss B.' said Miss H.; 'the next in order may take your place at the map and see if she can do as well.'

"But when any act was committed really culpable and worthy of reproof from our good Preceptress, she could be stern enough; annihilation was in her very look; one felt smaller than a pin's point under the searching glance of that keen eye. She was a bold offender who dared meet it.

"Were I called upon to sum up Miss Hasseltine's character, in a few words, I should state it somewhat in this way: —

"Intellectual, self-poised, gentle yet firm, indulgent towards weaknesses, but stern almost to severity towards bold, persistent wickedness; just, genial, stable as a rock where principle was involved, a consistent Christian, a model teacher, a wise counsellor and a faithful friend.

"Very truly yours, C. A. M."

Extract from a letter written by Miss B., of Boston: —

"'Joel's Road!' Yes, that was one of our pleasantest walks, in the old school days. It lay east of the Academy, and was not much more than a grassy lane leading to no place in particular. It was skirted and shaded by dense

woods through which the sun looked only here and there. Beneath the old trees, wild flowers and ferns and creeping vines and bright berries abounded, and to girls who like myself came from the city, it was a perfect paradise. We were never weary of wandering there. Up this lane, about a quarter of a mile from the Academy, in a little hut, lived an old negro whose name was Joel — hence the name 'Joel's Road.' He was a sort of janitor for the Academy. He swept the rooms, made the fires, rang the bell and did anything that was needed. A very important personage in his own estimation, and in that of Mrs. Joel.

"The latter told fortunes, and many were the stolen visits made to her by lads and lasses anxious to peer into the future. I never visited her for this purpose myself, but those who did told wonderful stories of predictions verified.

"One thing was noticeable, these predictions never extended very far into the future, nor related to anything more important than some walk or drive or moonlight sail, nor was any information on these points ever given until some little present was quietly slipped into the smutty hand.

"I am confident the road is there still, though whether the pupils of to-day know it by the old title I cannot tell. It is now probably a macadamized road, with nice, prim, white houses on either side, and not a trace of mystery or romance anywhere about it.

"O, shade of Joel! what think you of the modern improvements?"

VI.

IMPROVEMENTS AND THE NEW HALL.

1836–1841.

AT the period when this chapter opens, Bradford Academy had been established more than thirty years, and during all that time had been slowly but steadily rising in public favor and in real usefulness.

The little one-story building, with its two rooms, which had served so long and so well, was becoming too narrow to accommodate the numbers who applied for admission, and many hearts were anxiously considering the practicability of enlargement and improvement.

Another question had also been agitated, arising partly from the straitness of the accommodations, and partly from the complications always attending a mixed school. The question was this, whether it might not be better to make a decided change in affairs, and devote the school exclusively to the interests of female education.

Though nominally united, the two departments had, in reality, been kept quite distinct for several years; Mr. Greenleaf presiding over the one, and Miss Has seltine over the other. In the early days, the pupils were all gathered in one room for devotional exercises, morning and evening, but latterly even this had been given up, and they had little or nothing in common.

The teachers had felt for some time that nothing was gained by continuing the connection, while the members of each department might perhaps make better progress if entirely independent of the other.

This question, however, was virtually settled in the spring of 1836 by the resignation of Mr. Greenleaf, for twenty-two years Preceptor of the Academy.

This was a new posture of affairs, and the Trustees, after grave consultation, decided not to elect a new preceptor, but to dispense with the male department altogether, and invite Miss Hasseltine to take charge of the Academy as a strictly female school.

Measures were then taken to lay before the public the wants of the institution, and solicit funds sufficient to place it on a substantial and permanent foundation. A small pamphlet of about twenty pages was issued, entitled an "Appeal of the Trustees of Bradford Academy to the Friends of Female Education."

This appeal was signed by four of the Trustees, and is a very able document; liberal and noble in sentiment, with a higher aim and broader scope than might have been looked for thirty-five years ago.

With a just pride they allude to the high character of the institution, and point to what the Academy had been doing for the cause of education, and especially female education, for more than thirty years.

They ask for assistance pecuniarily in carrying out their plans for extending its sphere of usefulness, but so strongly are they impressed with the feeling that this is the Master's work and that Christians will love to help in it, that they do it more with the air of men conferring rather than asking a favor.

Their idea of "woman's sphere" and "woman's in-

fluence" might be considered us rather "behind the times," in these days, but if we are not much mistaken, Bradford Academy still retains these same old-fashioned ideas. The teaching and the training there always have been, and still are, essentially feminine.

They aim to send forth, as a graduate of the institution, a woman, in the high, true sense of the word — the missionary, the teacher, the sound thinker, the able writer, the hearty worker; not the preacher, the lecturer, the politician.

In concluding this appeal, the Committee refer to the many tokens of divine favor which the school had received from its foundation, and think it would be wrong in them "not to improve the same as a means of urging their present plea for assistance to carry forward the institution which God has committed to their care."

The Rev. Joseph Merrill, a member of the Board of Trustees, was appointed in 1839, as collecting agent, and labored most faithfully and efficiently until the end was accomplished. His daughter says: —

> "He went on short journeys frequently, sometimes with Miss Hasseltine, sometimes alone, calling chiefly upon former pupils of the institution, from whom many of the subscriptions were obtained. Many interesting incidents were constantly transpiring, in connection with these visits to pupils of the olden time, but we cannot now remember them with sufficient accuracy to relate them."

Of course Miss Hasseltine was exceedingly interested in this new movement. She had already given over twenty of the best years of her life to the school, and it had now become part and parcel of her very existence. A successful and an exceedingly popular teacher, her acquaintance extensive, her name well

and favorably known to the public, her influence in seconding the efforts of the Trustees at this time, was no slight consideration. Very few even of her intimate friends knew how much time and strength were given to these matters in the four or five years preceding the erection of the new Hall.

The letters written, the journeys undertaken, the unremitting personal effort used at this time to further the interests of the beloved institution seem almost incredible, particularly when we consider that the large school, with its thousand cares, was in constant operation, and she the head and centre of all. The time came, however, when these efforts were crowned with success, and when Miss Hasseltine and the Trustees felt amply repaid for all their toil and self-sacrifice.

Slowly, yet surely, the funds were gathered, and in the autumn of 1840, at the close of the school year, they were able to make the following announcement : —

"The Trustees are happy to inform the public, that their plan of erecting more commodious buildings for the use of the institution, has at length, through the benevolence of its friends, been partly carried into effect. A new and spacious edifice, occupying the site of their former building, will, at the commencement of the next term, be ready for the reception of the pupils, and will be dedicated, with appropriate exercises, on the fifteenth of April.

"This edifice contains a large and commodious hall, suitable for seating more than one hundred young ladies, a lecture-room, a room for a library, one for the philosophical apparatus, and six recitation-rooms. The Trustees have it in contemplation, to enlarge their boarding-house and render it more convenient, when they shall have funds sufficient for the purpose. They are desirous also of in-

creasing their philosophical apparatus, and of making additions to their library. For these objects, they hope the pecuniary aid, which has been so generously extended to them, will be continued, till they shall be enabled to afford every advantage for the highest improvement of the pupils."

The winter passed away, and when the spring smiled again, the new building, according to promise, was ready to open its doors to the daughters of the land, and Bradford Academy, more vigorous than ever, with broader base and firmer foundation, entered again on its great and noble work.

The spring term commenced April fourteenth, with a large number of pupils, and the dedication was on the day following.

Perhaps we cannot do better than to give, in full, the following account of the dedicatory exercises, which we find published in a pamphlet, with the address delivered on the occasion: —

"A new Academy Hall having been completed, the Trustees selected Thursday, April 15, 1841, for its consecration to the purposes of Christian education. The day was clear and bright, and the friends of the institution and of female education assembled in large numbers at two o'clock, P. M., to unite in the public exercises. The Scriptures were read and prayer offered by the Rev. Mr. Munroe of Bradford. The pupils, under the direction of Mr. A. N. Johnson, of Boston, sung the following original hymn, by one of the former pupils: —

THE SCHOLARS' LAMENT.

"We meet once more, a numerous band
Of youthful ones and gay,
To tread together, hand in hand,
Learning's delightful way.

"Yet here we were not wont to meet;
These walls are bright and fair,

But O ! they've not the look so sweet
The old ones used to wear.

"This house, perhaps, by other eyes,
Would be preferred tenfold ;
But are there not a thousand ties
That bind us to the old ?

"Have we not bent the knee in prayer ?
Have we not read God's word ?
And have we not together there
The voice of praise oft heard ?

"Chide not, that we express so free
The thoughts our bosoms swell,
We would once more the loved walls see,
And then — sweet spot — farewell.

"The Rev. Mr. Rogers, of Boston, delivered the Address, and offered the dedicatory prayer. The hymn of dedication, furnished by a friend, was then sung by the pupils : —

"While Memory whispers in our ear
The witching tale of other times,
And hearts are opening to hear
Her mournfully reviving chimes, —
By all, that charmed our youthful souls,
Music, and Thought, and Feeling's thrill, —
By all, whose sacred melody
Hath power, from God, to charm us still ; —

"In memory of those noble souls,
Whose holy deeds have been as flame
To kindle all our hearts, whene'er
We listened to each hallow'd name, —
For they are with us now, and here
Their solemn influence round us shed ;
The gentle thought of those who live,
The blessed spirits of the dead !

"In memory of our mother's love,
In memory of our sister's tears,
To these the beautiful in soul,
The lovely ones of future years,

We consecrate this quiet spot ;
To them this home of peace is given,
To learn to love the truths of God,
To live on earth — to rest in heaven.

" To Thee, O God ! whose presence here
Our offered vows and prayers have sought,
Shading, like wings of gentle dove,
These realms of feeling and of thought,
God of the living souls of men,
The 'living bread' — the 'living stream,'
To Thee we consecrate this fount,
And in Thy light these waters gleam !

" And here, where Learning's gentle hand
Her modest votary's brow shall press,
And Science twine her greenest wreath
Around the brow of loveliness —
While heart is answering back to heart,
And thought is gushing warm and free,
The solemn temple of our souls
O God ! we consecrate to Thee !

" The whole assembly then sung, —

" Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

" The exercises were closed with the benediction. It was a day of joy to the teachers and pupils, who found themselves well provided with convenient rooms for their daily labors, and especially to the Trustees, who had succeeded by earnest and persevering efforts, in procuring the necessary funds, and in erecting a large, handsome, and commodious edifice, which had been so long and so greatly needed. The building is sixty-three by forty-one feet, and twenty-four feet high. The principal room, on the second floor, is about fifty by forty feet, and fourteen feet high, having twelve windows with interior folding blinds, and a platform for the teachers across the end, and is furnished with desks and chairs for one hundred and eight pupils, — adjoin-

ing it is a recitation room. The lower story is ten feet high, has an entry running through the building, and contains a lecture-room, with a room for apparatus opening into it, four recitation-rooms, an ante-room, a music-room for the piano, and a drawing-room for company. The old Academy Hall has been removed back a few rods and repaired; it now accommodates the preparatory department. The grounds are surrounded by a buckthorn hedge, and ornamented with shade trees and shrubbery."

The old Academy was fitted up for school purposes and called Willow Hall. One room in the building was modernized, the other preserved as it was built originally; the only improvements in it being those made by the boys of Mr. Greenleaf's day, who had cut their names freely into the desks and otherwise ornamented them with "whittling."

The preparatory department was an experiment merely, and after a trial of three or four years was discontinued, and the building used for recitations and singing-classes, until destroyed by fire in 1860.

VII.

FIRST GRADUATES — BIBLE LESSON. — MORNING TALKS.

1842–1846.

AFTER the resignation of Mr. Greenleaf in 1836, and the establishment of the school as a female institution, a regular system of classification was adopted and a course of study marked out. But for several years, although pupils completed this course, there was no awarding of diplomas, and no formal graduation. The Trustees desired that as soon as possible, the school should be brought to that point, when a class might enter and leave each year. But such a point could not be reached at once; time was necessary to attain it.

Miss Hasseltine's hope had been, that such an order of things might be inaugurated with the dedication of the new building, and if the school year had continued as heretofore, closing in November, probably her wish in this matter might have been gratified. But a new arrangement was made, by which the school year was to close early in July, and it was impossible to be ready quite so soon: hence the first regular class, seven in number, was graduated from the Academy in July, 1842.

In after years Miss Hasseltine often referred to this period as one of the deepest interest to herself; and

her relations to this class, from its being the first, were perhaps a little different from what they could be to any that came afterward.

They were all the professed followers of Jesus, and her earnest and oft expressed desire was, that each succeeding class might possess the same unity of hope and purpose. Some of that class have passed within the vail, but those who remain will never forget the hour when they met, by special appointment, to receive the parting counsel of their beloved teacher. How she pleaded with them to live for God and not self, to be true to their Master, and labor diligently in his vineyard! Did not their hearts burn within them, while her eloquent and forcible appeal woke them to a new sense of life and life-work!

One of the number responded most heartily to this appeal, and in the years that followed exemplified most strikingly the religion of the Cross. We refer to Harriette Briggs, of Marblehead, Mass. She began to love the Lord Jesus at eight years of age, and showed that love through all her course at the Academy, constantly striving to honor her Saviour, and win others to follow him. The winter after her graduation, she married the Rev. David O. Stoddard, and in March, 1843, sailed with him to join the Nestorian Mission.

Dr. Perkins says of her:—

"I do not hesitate to pronounce her, in my opinion, one of the best female missionaries that our Board has ever placed in the field. With a physical constitution not very strong, she has still been a model of missionary industry, activity, fidelity, and efficiency. The amount of labor which she performed in connection with our male Seminary, superintended by her husband, in addition to all her

cares as wife and mother in her uncommonly well regulated family, is almost incredible. There was no noise or ostentation in her course, but a surprising amount of missionary labor accomplished.

"In the performance of all her duties she manifested a maturity of judgment seldom seen in one of her years. Possessing a finely balanced mind, enriched by extensive culture, a delicate sensibility, a refined taste, and a warm, benevolent heart, her whole spirit and life were lovely and heavenly."

But in five years she finished her mission. She died of cholera at Trebizond, Turkey, August 2, 1848.

It was in January, 1843, while Miss Briggs was considering the question of going out as missionary, that the school was visited by Mar Johannan, the Nestorian Bishop. He was a fine-looking man, and with his long, flowing beard, his oriental dress, and his broken English, made quite an impression on the young ladies. He went about among them from group to group, talking as freely as his imperfect knowledge of our language would allow, and everywhere speaking of the great need of Bibles and preachers and missionaries in his own country.

Fixing his eye on a young girl who was eagerly listening to his words, he asked, —

"Do you love Jesus Christ?"

"Yes, O yes!"

"Then you will go and teach my poor country people about him?"

"I would like to go, but I cannot. I am an only daughter, and my parents could not give me up."

With great emphasis, while tears filled his eyes, he said, "Tell your father and mother that God had one only son, very dear, and he gave him."

It was at this time or a little earlier that Miss Has-

seltine's portrait was painted, and it was then thought to be very good. But no picture could ever do her justice, or convey to a stranger any true idea of her appearance when addressing her school or in conversation. The outline of her form and features could be transferred to canvas, but not the glance of the eye, the stately yet graceful carriage, or the commanding wave of the hand, whose slightest motion was always obeyed. In looking at her, one forgot that a cap and spectacles signified advancing years. Her energetic movements and efficient administration were suggestive only of life and labor and vigor. Yet her health at this time was not very strong or firm, and she was always subject to violent headaches.

When she was reading the "Laws" at the commencement of a term, the spectacles would be put on and taken off perhaps twenty times in as many sentences: put on to read the passage, and taken off while explaining and commenting upon it, as if they interfered with the expression of her thought.

But we will stand aside and allow a pupil of that day to talk of her, one who was many years in the school and knew Miss Hasseltine thoroughly. We quote from a letter of Mrs. Calvin Terry (Mary E. Brooks): —

"As a teacher, Miss Hasseltine was unrivalled. With a vivid imagination and clear logical powers, a strong will and great decision, she also possessed an extraordinary amount of magnetic power. This latter influence it was, which, united to her executive ability, gave her such control over her pupils, thousands of whom to-day are ready to testify to its unusual amount.

"It may be remembered as the shivering fear which crept over each individual, and pervaded the whole atmos-

phere as she approached after any outbreak of rebellion or disobedience; or as the electric thrill flashing from one to another, as the joyful word went round, 'Miss Hasseltine is coming,' when there was no consciousness of guilt or wrong-doing. To this power, in a great degree, may be ascribed the weight of her every remark. So her sayings are repeated to children's children.

"Those morning talks, what pupil of Bradford Academy will ever forget! They embraced every variety of topic, from the little matters of every-day life, to deep metaphysical disquisitions, but always entertaining, always instructive.

"Now the subject would be the preservation of health, or our demeanor to each other, to superiors, or to servants. Now, the manner or conduct of young ladies in public places, or home lessons to the daughter, sister, or wife, with rich store of illustration from her own varied experience and observation, the whole made so fascinating by her peculiar and often humorous manner of relation.

"These morning exercises, preceded by prayer and reading the Scriptures, were always more or less of a serious character, and when there was any special religious interest, they were made deeply solemn and earnest. But in the Bible lesson, prepared by the young ladies during the Sabbath for recitation on Monday forenoon, she excelled. Careful study, Biblical knowledge, and varied learning were all brought to bear upon it, making it so interesting that the most frivolous and irreligious were impressed. Never was the preparation of that lesson deemed a hardship by any. The Old Testament history, usually considered so dry and dull, under her magic touch became delightful, the battle scenes were living realities, and the old Jewish heroes almost like familiar friends.

"As a Christian, Miss Hasseltine followed closely her Master. Fearless and conscientious, hopeful and prayerful, she came forth from the inner sanctuary where she met her

Lord, strong in his might. Thus panoplied, she came to the Saturday evening prayer-meeting, at which the whole school was invited to be present, and where were actually gathered from week to week for over forty years, from forty to eighty young ladies, and in times of revival even more. What a power she wielded here, and all for Christ! Her influence through these precious meetings is felt to-day to the ends of the earth.

"So, too, when she came occasionally into the weekly meetings held by those among the pupils who called themselves Christians, her presence gave new life. Her remarks always led us to deeper heart-searchings and greater humility. Yet from the inspiration of her presence the timid took courage and the desponding felt new hope. When she visited the boarding-houses, unless when she came for purposes of discipline, the girls always flocked about her lovingly, not with pet words and caresses, but with a real affection, which increased as the years went by.

"She has gone to her heavenly home, to her crown and palm of victory, and we can but think of her as encircled there by a throng of those whom she loved here, and whose steps she guided into the straight and narrow way.

"As memory cannot die, what interest is felt among those redeemed ones for Bradford and its future! They remember it, many of them, as the place where they learned to sing redeeming love, and its welfare must be very near to them, even in heaven. Yes, Miss Hasseltine loves Bradford still, and blessed shall they be who may aid in carrying on here the work that she commenced."

Miss Hasseltine was often called stern and forbidding, but never by those who knew her well. A little incident will show how pleasant and genial she was with her pupils, and how little occasion they had to fear her, when doing nothing really wrong. Just before the close of the school in 1842, the graduating class asked permission to meet at a confectioner's, in

Haverhill, and spend a social hour together in the long summer twilight.

"You can all go except Miss B.," said Miss Hasseltine. "I am afraid she is hardly well enough to walk so far."

Poor Miss B.! She had been quite ill, but was better, and exceedingly anxious to join the party. She felt as if she could not be denied, and considered herself strong enough to bear the fatigue of the walk. Finally, as the case was so urgent, the day of emancipation so near, and the negative not absolute, she resolved to take the responsibility, and go with the others.

So the class gathered in the little back parlor, specially reserved, and warranted for a short time to be free from intruders. Songs were sung, ice-cream eaten, and girlish confidences and promises interchanged; when suddenly the door opened and Miss Hasseltine entered!

She looked smilingly round on the group, till her eyes rested on Miss B. "You here!" she said, in a reproving voice.

"O, Miss Hasseltine!" exclaimed the quick-witted girl, rushing up to her, "do you know how your bonnet looks! Here, let me fix it for you! See, girls, isn't it all out of shape?" Bonnets had some shape, and size too, in those days. And with busy fingers, she pretended to arrange the offending article, bending it this way, and that way, and then standing off a little to look at it.

For a moment Miss Hasseltine was blinded by the ruse, then joining in the general laugh, she shook her finger at Miss B., and said pleasantly, "You're not very sick. I think the walk won't harm you any."

And then entering into the spirit of the occasion, she became the charmed centre of the little circle till it broke up.

A teacher, Mrs. Alfred Emerson (Miss Vose), who was in the school for two or three years, writes as follows: —

"Upon my first acquaintance with the Academy, I was struck with the broad and liberal spirit in which all its plans were laid. This same spirit gave character to all its instructions, and an energy and a purpose to the education of its pupils not often found. This seemed to me the genius of the institution. Study, there, was not extorted by a rigid system of arbitrary rules, of rewards and forfeitures, neither was it the mechanical drill, which would sacrifice everything to mere mental discipline. Minds were wakened to independent thought, principles were discussed, and theories established or exploded with a freedom and an enthusiasm as profitable as it was delightful.

"The young ladies there were generally of a high order of intellectual character. I recall many of them now as noble girls, with noble hearts and noble aims; not only thirsting for knowledge, but thirsting to do good. Wakened to the great end of life, they were earnestly asking where and how they could best serve the kingdom of Christ."

It was in the winter of 1845 that a beloved teacher, Miss Ellen B. Ladd, was taken away very suddenly. Her death was occasioned by a fall, which ruptured several small blood-vessels at the base of the brain. She retained her consciousness until very near the end, and the few days preceding her departure, while she lingered just on the verge of eternity, were blessed and delightful beyond comparison. She was a devoted Christian, a faithful worker in the Lord's vineyard, and though taken from the midst of life and youth and usefulness with so little warning, she was found ready.

In her life, she had been doing much for her Master, but all felt that in her death, she did far more. While friends were weeping about her, she was calm and peaceful, rejoicing in the Saviour and urging others to love and trust him.

"You are not sad in view of death?" said Miss Hasseltine, standing beside her.

"Sad? No, I am happy, very happy, and it is all through Christ. Christ is everything to me."

To pupils who watched with her at night, caring most tenderly for her wants, she said repeatedly: "Meet me in heaven and bring ever so many with you."

One of these, a graduate of the class of 1846, married a clergyman, the Rev. Joseph Rowell, and has been for many years in California, laboring with her husband for the good of souls. She says, in a recent letter to a classmate:—

"Six of our nine children have finished their little work and gone home to their Father above. They were a great joy and comfort while they were with us, but I can say with confidence, 'His will be done,' though I cannot tell how nearly the billows have gone over my soul.

"I think I should be perfectly miserable if God did not find me plenty of work, and he has given me grace to rise up out of my sorrow and do with my might whatsoever my hand findeth to do. I like to keep open house for our sailor brothers, who so long for social comforts and privileges; and for the heathen worshipping idols in this city, the poor Chinese, my heart is greatly stirred.

"A Jewish woman has been to our house to-day peddling, and I talked with her a little about our Saviour. It seems almost hopeless to attempt to make any impression on such hearts, yet I feel guilty if I do not try to say something to them, for the dying words of dear Miss Ladd often

sound in my ears. So in my small corner I try to do what little good I can."

A letter from one who was connected with the school for two or three years, and graduated in 1846, we will insert here: —

"My Dear Friend, — I am delighted to learn that there is in preparation some Memorial of our dear Miss Hasseltine. My thoughts have often reverted to her of late, and I have wondered that no one of all her pupils had felt moved to delineate her life and character.

"I felt sure, if I had the time and ability, I could do no better service to the church and to the world. It is true her pupils need no such memorial. She will always live in their memories, will always, consciously or unconsciously to them, influence their lives, and now that she has passed from earth, has become a new attraction in their heavenly home.

"But there are others who need such an example. A life and character moulded by Bible influences, and modelled after the Bible type, must stand in impressive contrast with the distorted exhibitions of woman formed by the rationalism of the present day.

"Miss Hasseltine was a patient, exact, and thorough teacher, but I doubt if it was the superiority of her intellect which gave her such great power. It seems to me she had more practical common sense than any woman I ever knew, and a perception of character which was almost an inspiration.

"To some of her pupils she gave an unbounded confidence, and I think it was never abused; while those whom she refused to trust, generally proved unworthy. Her genial humor gave a great charm to her intercourse with the young, and her instructions were never tedious upon any subject. Her morning talks, after the devotional exercises, upon every variety of topic, were perfectly irresistible.

"We left the hall for the recitation-rooms, ashamed of our follies, disgusted with the absurdities of fashion, instructed in little matters of courtesy and politeness, taught in the arts of housekeeping, or reproved for carelessness of health, according as she had learned, in some way inexplicable to us all, the events of the previous days. Those talks will never be forgotten by those who listened to them, and it is impossible that others should have any conception of them.

"In reproof, when real wrong had been committed, she was absolutely tremendous. I heard her only once in this mood, and then, though neither myself nor any of my friends were implicated, I shrank as from the blast of a tornado.

"But her truest eloquence was developed only when her theme was religious, and here was the hiding of her power. Her rare physical constitution, intense earnestness of temperament, and invincible energy of purpose had been early consecrated to the service of her Redeemer, and she became a mighty worker in the cause she loved.

"The unseen things of eternity were as realities to her, and often, at the morning devotions, or the Monday Bible lesson, the most careless of us were compelled to realize them too. I went to her as a religious inquirer, and although the first interview was short, she made an impression never to be effaced. I thought I was in earnest when I went, but I came away feeling how intensely critical is the moment when the Spirit speaks, and that I must listen and obey, or perish forever. Two simple directions which she gave me afterwards I have never forgotten.

"'Seek God,' said she, 'by earnest prayer, a diligent study of his word, and the careful performance of every known duty, and in due time he will reveal himself to you.' Again, 'You must accept Jesus as your prophet, priest, and king.'

"I wish her words of wisdom could be gathered up for

us and our children. But perhaps, after all, they would be but words. It was herself and her prayers that gave them such vitality and power.

"The beloved teacher has entered into rest, but thank God she still lives in the characters she has moulded all over our land. She still speaks in the voice of her pupils, preaching the Gospel she taught them, in both Christian and heathen lands."

The following communication is from Mrs. Jerome W. Tyler [Caroline A. Needham], of Boston, of the class of 1847.

"The first wild flowers of spring always recall with dewy freshness, my school days at Bradford.

"Those walks in the shady dells of Paradise Vale, and along the banks of the lovely Merrimac, where grew sweetest violets, anemones, wake-robins, Solomon's-seal, painted cup, and graceful columbine bells.

"A book of poetry, precious from its selections, which were made by loved teachers and classmates of 1847, lies before me, with some of these sweet wild flowers pressed between its leaves. As I turn the pages, what memories of other days steal over me! That linden leaf, with its once fragrant cluster of flowers, was gathered from a tree planted by the hand of our own dear Miss Hasseltine. Ah! how many buds of promise have blossomed beneath her fostering care; how many germs of character expanded under her wise Christian nurture. Some of these are now beautifying and gladdening the world, while others —

> "'Blossom in fragrance and in beauty, bright and vernal,
> And spring eternal.'

"But, thank God, that group of fifteen maidens, making the graduating class of 1847, are all living to-day; useful in their varied spheres, each gratefully remembering the intellectual and moral culture so wisely bestowed by loved teachers, and the solid and disciplinary course of study of the 'four years' at Bradford.

" ' Thousand sweet associations,
Clinging, clasping everywhere.'

And none more hallowed than the hours spent in listening to the religious instructions of our beloved teacher."

" One of the class writes : —

" ' The Bible became to me a new book when Miss Hasseltine unfolded its truths, and taught us how to read it and study it. " Be rich in Scripture, young ladies ! " was an exhortation often repeated.'

" Another says : —

" ' I have always been glad that so much importance was attached to the study of the Bible at Bradford, and also for the manner in which we studied it, by topics, and I wish to testify to the constant and healthful religious influence of the school.'

" Another alludes to Miss Hasseltine's impressiveness in prayer, and to the faithful exposition of Scripture in the Saturday evening prayer-meetings.

" When the scroll of time shall be unrolled, what volumes of like testimony will be revealed ! Several of the graduates of that year have exerted a wide influence themselves as teachers, and others as wives of clergymen and of literary and scientific professors. Others still are devoting themselves, with singleness of purpose, to deeds of mercy and lives of benevolence ; units but not ciphers in the great problem of human progress and happiness.

" The band of fifteen are scattered from Maine to California, each striving to prove herself worthy of her Alma Mater, and to exemplify, in daily life, the practical lessons so judiciously blended with the literary and scientific teachings of Bradford Academy."

Looking back over Miss Hasseltine's life, that life of toil and self-sacrifice, it seems to us that those few years, following the dedication and occupation of the New Hall, must have been very happy years to her,

perhaps more so than any others. So much was accomplished that she had so long desired! The added comforts and conveniences, the standard of scholarship raised, everything placed on a firmer footing, and more extensive scale, and the school increasing in numbers and influence! The attainment of so many ends for which she had watched and labored and waited, must have brought to her somewhat of restfulness and content.

Then too, her children, the nieces who had shared her home, were growing up about her, fulfilling many dear and cherished hopes.

The eldest of them, who was specially her own, and ever as a daughter to her, graduated at the Academy in 1844, and remained as assistant teacher in her Alma Mater, for several years. She was afterwards Principal successively of two female seminaries. Named for one aunt who gave her life to Foreign Missions, and trained by another who was emphatically a Home Missionary, Nancy Judson Hasseltine could hardly be other than she was, a useful, successful teacher, nobly sustaining the family name, both at Bradford and elsewhere. It must have been a great joy to "Aunt Abby" to be assisted in her much loved work by the child of her adoption.

Then, too, she was peculiarly happy in the Assistant Principal, Miss Vose, who shared her labors at this time, and afterward marrying a nephew of Miss H., the Rev. Alfred Emerson, now of Fitchburg, remained always her faithful and devoted friend.

But most and best of all, the blessing of God seemed to be upon the institution constantly. There was no great revival and no excitement, but the gentle and continued influences of the Holy Spirit, leading many

to inquire the way of salvation earnestly and effectually.

Yes, those were golden days, and we would fain linger over them, but that the lessons she taught must be heeded, and lingering was not one of them.

VIII.

RESIGNATION OF MISS HASSELTINE.

1847–1853.

IN July, 1847, Miss Vose resigned her position as Associate Principal, and was succeeded by Miss Ellison, a teacher of high reputation and much experience. Miss Hasseltine had now been connected with the school as teacher since 1815, a period of thirty-three years, and, though not so strong physically as she had been, still retaining her mental vigor unabated, yet she was talking of leaving the school.

As early as 1844 and 1845 she distinctly expressed her intention of resigning her position ere long, saying that it would be far better for all concerned, that she should leave while everything was in a prosperous condition.

She had endeavored to prepare the public mind for such an event, and at the same time provide for the wants of the school, by desiring an Associate Principal who might become initiated before she should finally yield the reins of government and retire. No one, therefore, should have been surprised when in July, 1848, after Miss Ellison had had sufficient time to become acquainted with the school policy and plans, Miss Hasseltine sent in her resignation to the Trustees. It was accepted with great reluctance and Miss Ellison became Principal.

It was but for a little time, however, that the new sovereign swayed her sceptre; two terms only, and she resigned, marrying the Rev. Dr. Dimick, of Newburyport. She is now a widow, and still teaching with much success.

We cannot say, whether, in this short interval of rest, Miss Hasseltine had longed for the harness again, or whether she rejoiced in the opportunity now offered her, of once more taking up her wonted work. But we do know that her heart, now as ever, yearned over the beloved school, and that she was willing, in this emergency, to come to the rescue. Consequently we find her in the spring of 1849 in her accustomed place again at the head of the Academy, with Miss Crooker as Assistant Principal.

A letter from Mrs. Dr. Herbert, then a pupil of the institution, and whose graceful pen, in these latter days, is doing good service for our Sabbath-school literature, gives a pleasant picture of the graduating class of that time: —

"My Dear Mrs. B. — You ask me for incidents from my own experience of school life at Bradford Academy. As I was there but a single year, entering in September, 1849, the class which left in 1850, my reminiscences are confined to life in the graduating class, which was almost exclusively in charge of Miss Hasseltine.

"At the time of my entrance all the members of that class, well known to each other, and to the school, were total strangers to myself, as were also all the teachers and pupils. But I was not received or regarded as a stranger. The fact that I had become one of their number, seemed to remove every barrier, and place me at once in the position of a sister beloved.

"How fragrant is my remembrance of a pretty wild

flower, laid by the fair hand of the one seated beside me, on the open page of the 'Paley' I was studying, on that first homesick day, when I knew not so much as the name of the giver. Even to look my thanks might be a 'communication,' so I studied on, seeing the words and the blossom through grateful tears, until recess permitted me to express my gratitude. Then followed introductions and a reception too sincerely sisterly ever to be forgotten.

"Miss Hasseltine's graduating class was her pet child, and if any one of her other children grumbled at its indulgences, she only answered, 'Hasten to be yourself indulged.'

"As a petted child lies near the parental heart, so we, near to hers, saw the gentler, womanly side of a character sometimes regarded as too masculine, perhaps only because circumstances developed before the world its stronger elements.

"An incident, in itself trivial, from my own experience, may illustrate her tenderness, and at the same time show the entire freedom which characterized our recitations.

"A lively discussion of some questionable point found its way into our Natural Theology class. Having recently come among them I was silent until about as much time as could be spared for the discussion had already been consumed, and then having become interested and excited, gave vent, in an animated and unguarded manner, to an opinion differing from any which had been expressed. Having thus 'freed my mind,' I was greatly distressed that Miss Hasseltine, without one word of response, returned abruptly to the regular recitation.

"A half hour of troubled brooding at my room resulted in the conviction that I had been bold, forward, presumptuous, and deserved the silent rebuke I had received. Then a penitent little note, 'hoping not to do so any more,' found its way from my room to that of the Principal.

"This was on Friday, and I did not expect to speak with

Miss Hasseltine before Monday; but that afternoon, as I was passing from the hall, she summoned me to a confidential interview, wherein she told me I was only too sensitive; that I had not offended, and she hoped I would be even more free to express myself in the class, adding: —

"'I have taken some pains, my dear, to see you this evening, because I did not wish you to bear this little burden over the Sabbath.'

"What mother could have dealt more tenderly with an over-sensitive child?

"Another slightly amusing incident illustrates her candor and love of justice: —

"After morning prayers, when all were assembled, she often gave a little conversational lecture, interspersed frequently with questions to the school. On one such occasion, she said: 'Will some member of my class name the "seven sacraments?"'

"We made poor work of it, all of us only managing to rummage up perhaps five of the seven, which we gave in the most desultory manner, omitting entirely the very important heads, 'holy orders' and 'matrimony.' Miss Hasseltine, mortified by our failure, expressed herself before the assembled teachers and pupils as exceedingly grieved and surprised at our culpable ignorance of a topic so recently studied.

"We, too, were quite distressed, and after consultation, it was agreed among the sisterhood that I should 'go in unto the king,' and talk it over privately, which I accordingly did. She met me pleasantly, as usual.

"'Miss Hasseltine,' said I, 'you always regard our honor as your own, and you unintentionally did us injustice before the school this morning. We have never had the "seven sacraments" given us as a topic for study.'

"'Impossible, Miss F. I always give it out in connection with that part of Ecclesiastical History which you have just been over.'

"'But, Miss Hasseltine, there are nine of us, and not one of the nine ever knew till this morning that "matrimony" is a sacrament of the true Church, obligatory of course, and to be practiced by each one of us as a duty. How could we forget anything so interesting!'

"She laughed good-naturedly, and said, she 'would consider the matter.'

"The next morning, when all were assembled, she said to the school: —

"'I wish to mention, that I did my class injustice yesterday. I was unquestionably mistaken as to having given them the "seven sacraments," as a topic for study. No one of the class remembers having had it, and it is much more probable that I should have been wrong in regard to it than all these nine young ladies.'

"Miss Hasseltine's parting charge to me, at her own house was, 'Use your pen and consecrate it to Christ.'

"Most gratefully do I consecrate these words to her memory.

"Very truly yours,

"S. A. F. HERBERT.

"MILFORD, *July*, 1869."

Any one visiting the school at this time, and finding Miss Hasseltine there as formerly, could hardly realize that there had been any change in the administration of affairs, or that there ever would be any. Why might not all things go on for years as they had done? Miss Hasseltine was not old, and with her corps of faithful teachers, many of them trained by herself, seemed as well able to plan and execute as in her younger years.

She herself, however, thought differently. Long ago, she had settled the question in her own mind that she should not remain to grow old with the Institution, and now she was "biding her time," only waiting

for the right moment to arrive, to give up again the place she had filled so long and so ably.

The spring of 1852 was marked by a great loss. Deacon Daniel Noyes, for a short time Preceptor of the Academy in its early days, and for twenty-four years a member of the Board of Trustees, was taken away by death.

His wise forethought and judicious counsels, his efficiency, his unvarying gentleness, and his sterling common sense were more to the Institution than silver and gold. Having been a teacher, he understood thoroughly the practical workings of the school, in whose interests he was unwearied. Sorely was his loss felt, and long and deeply was it lamented.

And a second loss followed all too quickly, for in the autumn of the same year, Miss Hasseltine once more retired from the school.

Miss Crocker, who succeeded her, had been connected with the Institution about three years, and was an efficient and accomplished teacher. She is spoken of, in a recent letter, as much beloved by her pupils, and as having given to the school "an intellectual impetus which lives to this day." She remained as sole Principal, however, only one year, and after teaching with much success elsewhere, married the Rev. A. E. Lawrence, now of Stockbridge, Massachusetts. She died at Lancaster in 1865, while her life was yet in its prime and her usefulness at its height.

IX.

THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

1853.

THE Academy was now near its fiftieth birthday. As the anniversary approached, the thought was most natural and happy to regather, as far as possible, in one grand Jubilee, its former pupils, teachers, Trustees, and patrons. So the invitation to return to the homestead went forth to the scattered children ; and most heartily did they respond.

Wednesday, July 6th, was appointed as the day of meeting, the closing exercises of the school year being coupled with the half century celebration. The day was beautiful, and at an early hour the streets showed that no common interest was aroused.

At ten o'clock the Academy and grounds were a perfect bee-hive of buzzing and agitation. Some from almost every class were present, and to witness the first recognitions of those who had been separated ten, twenty, or thirty years, was delightful in the extreme. Here was Miss Swan, the first Preceptress of fifty years ago, Mr. Greele, the second Preceptor, Miss Hasseltine, the *Mater Amata* of the Institution, and many of her colleagues in the labors of nearly forty years ; while Mr. Greenleaf seemed everywhere present, full of life and vigor, with a hearty greeting for each and all.

The enjoyment of the occasion was enhanced not a little by the admirable system and order with which so large a concourse of people was organized, and moved, and provided for, by the efficient chairman of the day, Dr. George Cogswell.

A procession was formed, extending from the Academy quite to the church, in which the school, consisting of about two hundred pupils, in uniform white dress, with uncovered heads, made a fine appearance. Of course the church was full to overflowing, while hundreds remained outside, unable to gain admittance.

After the awarding of diplomas, and the usual services of the anniversary, the address of the day, an address replete with interest, was given by Prof. C. E. Stowe, D. D., a son of the Institution. A poem followed, by Dr. J. R. Nichols of Haverhill, full of stirring reminiscences and pleasant local allusions. We make some extracts from it: —

"As twining tendrils love the parent vine
So love fond hearts the name of Hasseltine.
Name hallowed 'mid the prairies of the West,
Where the declining sun sinks to his rest;
Name honored 'mid the Northern hills of rock,
Upheaved and riven by the earthquake shock,
On whose hard flinty earth and sterile soil
Thrive the young daughters and the sons of toil.
On Southern plains, where no hoar frosts e'er chill,
Are the heart's altar fires kept burning still.

"E'en as the bee the honeyed flower sips,
So have they drawn instruction from her lips,
Wise counsels garnered, precepts for the young,
Which fell in copious measure from her tongue.
She gave the chart ere came the world's great strife,
To guide the bark upon the sea of life.

"Not hers the mission in the lesson taught,
To gild and polish at expense of thought,

Not hers the painter's skill, not hers the art
To gloss the mind and leave untouched the heart!
But education vigorous, deep inwrought,
Mastering all themes within the range of thought.
Such wise instruction has by her been given
As qualifies for life, and fits for heaven.

"Preceptor Greenleaf, on whose ample brow
Time's finger marks we scarce discern e'en now; —
Hale, joyous, hearty, that portentous nod
Wakes recollections of the birchen rod.
Oft have we started, with a quickening bound,
As though it were the Judgment's trumpet sound,
As the word "Boys!" came with stentorian breath;
Then followed silence e'en like that of death;
Meekly we raised our eyes to learn our doom,
Or what new peril to our sports had come.

"When some bold mischief occupied our brains,
And to conceal it took unwearied pains,
Like good freemasons, each boy sworn to keep
A sharp lookout, that none might chance to peep,
How oft the sage, whom nothing had been told,
Would on some quiet morn the whole unfold;
And to our senses, painfully acute,
The whole describe, the details all minute!
Who could divulge? we asked in trembling fear;
No mortal eye gazed on us, that was clear.

"Thus to our honored teacher memory flies,
Sees wisdom blend with eccentricities,
Wisdom with mirth-provoking wit combined,
To bless, to please, and to instruct mankind.

"That old brown school-room with its oaken seats,
Chiselled and cut, my quickened vision greets:
Snug in the corner a round throne was reared
Close by the wall, two steps led hitherward;
Within there sat, inspiring love and dread,
Him we now greet, e'en that old "figure-head,"
With slate and pencil solving wondrous quick
Some puzzling problem in arithmetic.
By yonder creaking window, dim with rust,
There was a vacant desk o'erspread with dust.

Doomed, gloomy seat, we all remember that!
None could find place where Crowninshield once sat.

"Like that well guarded channel, which by chance
Divides stern Britain's land from *La belle France*,
That long, dark entry, interposed between,
Left fairy forms and sparkling eyes unseen.
All useless were the sighs, all lost the tears;
No youthful yearnings could o'ercome the fears.
Restrained on one side by the lion's law,
With roar terrific and uplifted paw,
Watched o'er in day-time's glare and evening's dark
By one more mighty than Joan of Arc,
All bold intruders quickly took to flight;
The fair thus guarded seldom blessed our sight.

"But Change, bold, unrelenting Change, one day
Came with his blocks and hempen cords that way,
And the old building to its centre shook;
Yea, from beneath its firm foundation took,
Backward that ancient seat of learning rolled,
While the old bell its tearful requiem tolled.

"And now, behold! reared by those self-same hands,
On the old spot a fairer structure stands,
While its discarded parent, brown and sere,
Is hid from view — yea, driven to the rear.

"Still greater changes must we now unfold
Ere the whole story of its wrongs is told;
How the bold innovator, one drear day,
Drove every mother's murmuring son away.
Like fallen spirits driven in a trice,
Far, far beyond the gates of Paradise;
While sinless angels safe within its walls,
Now tread its courts and grace its polished halls."

After the exercises in the church, about fifteen hundred dined together in a mammoth tent; the dinner being followed by toasts, sentiments, speeches, and music.

A reference to former teachers called up Samuel

Greele, Esq., of Boston, and his remarks were apt and beautiful. A highly complimentary toast to Miss Hasseltine was received with earnest and protracted applause, and responded to in a most happy manner, by the Hon. Mr. Duncan, of Haverhill. The Hon. John P. Hale, a former pupil, amused and interested the assembly with one of his brilliant speeches; and Mr. Greenleaf, "the teacher without a model and without a shadow," enlivened all by his wit and humor. Communications from many who could not be present were also read. The following poem was sent in by a member of the class of 1842:—

"MEMORIES.

"List the echoes, how they're swelling,
Voices sweet of olden time,
Bells of memory softly falling
On the heart with pleasant chime.

"See the pictures as they gather, —
Pictures dear of other days,
Clear, distinct, without a shadow,
Brightening, deepening as we gaze.

"'Mid the loved familiar faces,
How the heart to life is stirred,
And the fount of feeling opened,
By the magic of a word.

"Here we lingered long in converse,
There we bowed the heart in prayer, —
Thousand sweet associations,
Clinging, clasping, everywhere.

"Sisters, we who passed together
From these scenes of youth away,
There stood with us on the threshold
Some we may not greet to-day.

"One, upon the plains of Persia
Laid her young life meekly down,

Given to Christ in toil, affection, —
Grieve we that he claimed his own ?

" One, by yonder gliding river,
Faded in her early bloom,
Faded to our mortal vision,
Blooming bright beyond the tomb.

" But the golden chain that bound us,
By Death's finger rudely riven,
Guarding safe its mystic number,
Binds us still, the severed seven.

" Now for HER whose charmed presence
Led us as a guiding star,
Shedding radiance on our pathway,
Pointing to a world afar —

" Father ! hear the prayers we offer ;
Tenderly, O ! lead her still,
Guide her on her heavenward journey,
Sheltering from every ill.

" Blessings on our Alma Mater,
Heads to counsel, hearts to pray,
Till in Jubilee we gather
For a glorious, endless day."

But the climax of interest was not reached until later in the day, when, the public exercises ended and the tent gathering broken up, some hundreds of the female pupils met in the Academy Hall for a more quiet and social interchange of feeling.

On the spur of the occasion a purse was made up for the dear teacher who had led them so successfully to mines richer than the gold of Ophir. This was presented in behalf of the pupils by William C. Prime, who playfully maintained his right to do so, by asserting that he had received a part of his education under Miss Hasseltine's instruction, or rather that a

part of him, "his better half," had been so educated. One who was present writes: —

"When we saw our dear Miss Hasseltine again in the chair that she had so nobly filled for thirty-seven years, the past came rushing back with all its tender and hallowed associations, and the cup was full."

So closed the day, such a day as comes but once in a life-time, and such as cannot come again, till Bradford Academy celebrates its centenary.

X.

HOME LIFE. — THE EUROPEAN TRIP. — THE TWO PRINCIPALS.

1853–1865.

LONG ago the old homestead of the Hasseltines was noted for its large-hearted hospitality, and as the years flew by, gathering the parents to their heavenly rest, and leaving the daughters to occupy their places, the same characteristics marked it still. Its atmosphere was always genial and social, the welcome there always cordial and genuine.

The house was never allowed to fall into decay, and much care was taken to make it pleasant and inviting. Strangers visiting the place or passing through, especially people of any literary or scholarly note, must call on the Misses Hasseltine. Old pupils returning, as they were constantly, to bring some young sister or daughter to the school they loved, or only stopping for a few hours to revisit the scenes of youthful enjoyment, and freshen their memories of the olden days, must of course visit the teacher they had almost worshipped.

And she never wearied of their coming; a mere call would not suffice; if possible they must stay to dinner or to tea and spend the night; while, with ready sympathy, she listened to each story of joy and sorrow, of success and failure, and with her words of

wisdom set many a troubled heart at rest. So was she still working for the cause she loved, and her influence still extending itself far and wide.

Friends had feared that when the stimulus of the school was entirely withdrawn, the reaction would be too painful, and no doubt it may have been for a time. So many years she had labored for the school, studied for it, prayed for it, lived for it, it was no light thing to give it up, as she thought she had done, forever.

But it would have been much harder had her home and its surroundings been different. "Sister Mary" was an invaluable housekeeper, as well as companion, taking thought and care for every one; and the nieces whose home from childhood had been with these aunts, gladdened and brightened all, as only young life can.

Moreover, the farm was always to be cared for, and now that she had leisure, the most wonderful improvements were to be made in it.

These duties were an invaluable resource, invigorating body and mind. The old horse and chaise were in constant requisition, as she drove about, to consult with this one and that, to superintend the workmen, and oversee the important changes to be made.

As a friend writes, the Hon. J. S. Sanborn: —

"No laborer, farmer, or mechanic could do the thing just properly for Miss Hasseltine without her advice and direction. Her neighbors, more practical farmers, could not always see the net profits of her agricultural operations, and had their doubts about the great benefits to be derived from them. The school was her home; here she managed everything systematically and wisely, but when she

"But they have no real poetry," said Mr. Blank, "and they are so old-fashioned," and made quotations to prove his point.

But Miss Mary stood her ground firmly, and from the store-house of her wonderful memory, brought hymn after hymn, until all thought the gentleman fairly vanquished.

"Is not that poetry? Are not those grand?"

"Yes, but they're very old-fashioned."

Soon he rose to go, and Miss Mary, with stately courtesy, showed him to the door. The evening was lovely and the stars never so glorious.

Mr. Blank glanced upward admiringly, "O, those magnificent stars! Miss Hasseltine."

"But they're so old fashioned, sir."

Miss Hasseltine was not domestic, and perhaps the life she was now leading might have wearied, had it continued long; but there was scarcely time for the rest to become a weariness; Providence ordered it otherwise.

Mr. Thornton, an English gentleman and friend of hers, had invited her to visit him at his home in Manchester, and to travel with himself and family in the Old World. In the spring of 1855, this invitation was urgently renewed, and at length accepted.

It would seem a somewhat formidable undertaking for most ladies of nearly seventy years of age to cross the Atlantic, and make the tour of the British Isles, and the Continent of Europe. But no one thought of Miss Hasseltine as old or infirm. Her constitution was naturally strong, and she knew how to take care of her health, and use her strength to the best advantage, while her supcrabundant energy always made her appear more youthful than she really was.

Hence no one saw any incongruity in this European trip, but, on the contrary, a peculiar fitness and propriety, as if it were just the thing needed. And so it proved, for in all the journeyings, by sea and land, we doubt if any of the party endured the fatigue better or enjoyed more than she.

She left home in May, 1855, and returned within the year, refreshed and invigorated, her glowing descriptions of scenery and incident fascinating every listener: full of enthusiasm over the Alps, the Rhine, old English castles, works of art, and whatever of beauty and glory the Old World can boast, peculiar to itself.

A little incident connected with Windsor Castle, which shows her independence, comes freshly to mind. The party was being shown through the palace, when Miss Hasseltine's boot became unlaced, and she coolly seated herself in one of the chairs royal to adjust it. She was instantly made to understand that this could never be allowed.

"Why not?" said she, entirely unmoved and unmoving, "I must sit somewhere."

The following letter, in her angular but beautifully clear and regular handwriting, was sent to a friend in Bradford from Manchester, England.

"DEAR MRS. KIMBALL: — I have for some time been desirous of expressing my gratitude to you for all your efforts made in my behalf, previous to sailing for Europe; and through you, to all the ladies who so generously contributed for my comfort, during my absence from my country.

"Be assured that my heart was touched by your great kindness, and often, when travelling on the Continent, has the thought occurred, that for the comfort then enjoyed I

was greatly indebted to my Bradford friends. Accept, then, for yourself and all the ladies to whom I am indebted, the overflowings of a full and grateful heart. I should have written before this, but while on the Continent, I used to be so exhausted by travelling and sight-seeing that it was impossible.

"I have selected, from a great variety of scenes, two that I thought might be interesting topics for my letter. The first, a Missionary breakfast.

"Soon after my arrival in England, the London Missionary Society held an annual meeting in Manchester. The meetings of the Society commenced Sabbath eve, June 16, and continued until the following Wednesday, closing as usual with a breakfast. It was rather late when Mrs. Thornton and myself arrived at the Cavendish Chapel school-room. The room was filled with persons busily engaged in masticating the good things provided for the occasion. An elevated platform contained the speakers of the day, who were either clergymen, or returned missionaries, or the secretaries of the Society.

"The tables were spread as in our own families, for every-day use; the food consisting of bread and butter, ham, tongue, etc. Coffee and tea were served according to each one's taste. There were no ornaments upon the tables, and probably the individuals who managed the concern were not obliged to spend the previous day in culling flowers from every garden in and about Manchester, in order that splendid bouquets might decorate the tables. I could but think that when we attempt to raise money for benevolent purposes, we expend so much for decorations, and to satisfy the desires of the physical system, that little is left for the ostensible object of the gathering. May we not learn something from the doings of others?

"To return to the breakfast. One of the speakers was the venerable Dr. Knill of Chester, a gentleman who has been in Russia as a missionary, and is known universally

as a revival preacher. In the course of his remarks he related an anecdote of himself. In Chester, the most ancient city of England, there had been corrupting influence, arising from a theatre and race grounds. Morals were low and the Sabbath disregarded. Dr. Knill wished to do something for the idle, the vicious, the Sabbath-breaker. As the churches were closed in the afternoon of the Sabbath, evening worship commencing at half-past six, he proposed to his good deacons and others, that the doors of his own church should be opened in the afternoon, and that he would endeavor to meet the spiritual wants of such as should attend. This proposition was rejected. In this dilemma, the thought occurred that the theatre might be hired. He immediately made application and succeeded in renting it for twenty Sabbaths, by giving a generous price. He then issued hand-bills, giving information of his designs, and posted them in various places. The form of the bills was thus : —

" ' Entertainment will be given Sabbath afternoon at the theatre by Dr. Knill. The doors will be open at three o'clock. A band will be in attendance. Scenery, an angel flying in the midst of heaven with the everlasting gospel. Music, " Shine, mighty God, on Britons shine," and " O be joyful." '

" The Sabbath came, the hour arrived. What was to be the result of his experiment was hid in the future. He entered the theatre, and behold, his deacons and others of his church, who refused to open the doors of his own chapel, were in attendance. A number of persons were seated, and as he proceeded in his 'entertainment,' the number increased till the house was well filled. The listening ear, the attentive look, the moist eye, were unmistakable marks that the truth was finding its way to the heart. The next Sabbath the house was so crowded that he was unable to find admittance at the regular door, and was obliged to seek some back entrance.

"The feeling of anxiety for the salvation of the soul became more manifest. The tear was seen coursing down the cheek even of the sturdy man. The result of his 'entertainment' was, that many were brought to the knowledge of the truth, and such a change was effected in the moral character of the inhabitants of Chester, that the theatre has never been opened since. To defray the expense incurred by this enterprise, Dr. Knill wrote to his friends in London, America, and St. Petersburg, and the money came forthwith.

"My other topic I shall be obliged to omit, as it is time to send this or I shall lose the opportunity. Love to Sister Mary, as I shall not be able to write her by this mail. Much love to yourself and husband and to all my friends.

"Yours truly, A. C. HASSELTINE."

Miss Hasseltine was a close observer, and as she went from place to place, under the protection of her kind friends, it was not merely "sight-seeing" that occupied her. The different forms of government, the state of education, the condition of the lower classes, all these things interested her deeply. Before she left home, and indeed for years, her mind had dwelt much on the errors and abuses of the Romish church, and now travelling in the countries where the Roman Catholic religion prevailed, she could see more plainly its practical workings, and note for herself its effects on the character and well-being of a people. Its formalism, its mere ceremony without heart, its artistic and often gaudy appeals to the senses, impressed her painfully. She saw how little power it had to educate and elevate and energize the masses, being so utterly destitute of the spirit and simplicity of the Gospel system. She looked in vain among its adherents, for any of the men or the

forces which are giving to the age its characteristics of reform and progress. Everywhere was ignorance, superstition, spiritual death. Her own country became doubly dear from the contrast, and as she greeted its shores again after this absence, she rejoiced in it as never before.

The trip was enjoyed thoroughly and heartily, yet to be at home once more in the old house, to sit down quietly in the accustomed corner, and recount it all to the listening circle, was perhaps a greater enjoyment still; and of a certainty, as Mr. Greenleaf had affirmed and demonstrated hundreds of times, "Bradford must be exactly the centre of the world."

For a year or two after this return from abroad, the pleasant routine of home life was resumed, saved from monotony and enlivened as usual by visitors and friends.

But what of Bradford Academy meanwhile! Miss Gilman, an able teacher, took charge of it in 1853, and for five years faithfully administered its affairs. At the close of that time, or in the winter of 1858, having other plans in view, she resigned her position, and the Institution was again left without a head. Consultations, grave and earnest, ensued, for the Trustees had learned that to change Principals was no light matter.

Owing to various influences, some known and some unknown, the annual catalogue was showing a considerable decrease in the number of pupils, and measures both wise and prompt were necessary to meet the emergency. The current must be stemmed, the ebbing tide turned back. But how might this be done?

The Trustees, ever on the alert where the good of

the school was concerned, had marked a graduate of some years previous as a young lady of great promise, and as was their custom whenever they found peculiar excellence in their graduates, had endeavored to secure her services as teacher.

Miss Abby Hasseltine Johnson, the young lady in question, was a native of Bradford and a namesake of Miss Hasseltine. Educated in the Academy and receiving a diploma in 1848, she was connected with the school as teacher in 1850, and again for three years during Miss Gilman's administration, having also taught a year in Cleveland, Ohio, and everywhere with marked success. Though still young, her powers of mind and character had developed and matured rapidly, while her rare attainments, and her thorough acquaintance with the organism and machinery of the Institution, fitted her peculiarly to stand at its head as Principal. With such an one at the helm, their bark would ride the waters safely.

An additional plan, which had been revolved for some time, was also now brought forward : to invite Miss Hasseltine to return to the school as Honorary Principal, thus restoring the prestige of that name which had been a part of it and a power so long. The Trustees had never wished the two names dissociated ; it had always been their desire to have Miss Hasseltine remain in the Academy during her life, and in permitting any other state of things, they had yielded only to her will and wish.

But would she return ? Inquiry elicited an affirmative reply. She had tried rest, and change, and absence, but there had been a void in her heart which nothing could fill save the one beloved object. Knowing their intention of engaging as Principal one whom

she thought in every way suited to the position, one whom she loved and respected, she was willing to return. This was exceedingly gratifying to all parties, and the proposed arrangements were made with alacrity and celerity.

Accordingly the spring of 1858 opened amid universal congratulation. Miss Johnson, the Principal, was to have the sole management and control of the school, leaving the Honorary Principal at liberty to come and go at pleasure.

Henceforth Miss Hasseltine was to feel that here was her rest, her abiding-place, her home. Her tasks were to be self-imposed, her burdens only those she might choose to bear, her strength and her wish the only rule of labor.

It was no slight thing for an associate to meet the requirements of such a programme, and almost any other would have made an inevitable failure. But Miss Johnson, with a full understanding of Miss Hasseltine's peculiarities and needs, with consideration for her advanced years and failing strength, with delicate tact and unvarying affection, entered heartily into the arrangement, and caused it to be carried out in all its details.

The wisdom of the new arrangements was soon apparent in the renewed and increasing prosperity of the school.

The Great Rebellion, which broke out in 1861, threatening for a time to ingulf the nation in ruin, checked, but did not materially retard its progress.

It suffered somewhat, as all other educational interests suffered, but rising from the pressure, as with youthful buoyancy and elasticity, went on its way again rejoicing.

XI.

The Reunion.

1866.

SIXTY-THREE years since the Old Academy was built, and twenty-five since the New Hall took its place. The New Hall! a name which had lost its significance, for its youth and freshness had passed away. Already it had needed many repairs, and was looking somewhat battered and time-worn. Some ventured to call it the Old Hall, and to talk of a larger, handsomer, and more commodious structure, as needed for the increasing wants of the school and of the times.

But if the buildings grew old and decayed, so did not the spirit of the institution. Bradford Academy was young, and fresh, and vigorous, never more so; as this year gave ample proof. It was in the winter or spring of 1866, that it was first proposed to have a gathering or Reunion of the daughters of the Institution at the time of the usual Anniversary in July. Miss Johnson originated the idea, and Miss Hasseltine was greatly pleased with the suggestion, as also were the Trustees; and preparations were made accordingly. Circulars were sent out to every part of the land, and from the hearty responses elicited, it was soon evident that a meeting of no ordinary interest might be expected.

Miss Hasseltine, though active still, and retaining her mental powers wonderfully, was really growing more feeble with each successive winter. Nearly four-score years old, it was not probable that she would see many more anniversaries. Hence her friends felt that this occasion would be a most fitting one, in which to rally about her once more, and so express, at the same time, their high appreciation of her labors, and their love for their Alma Mater. Miss Johnson, seconded most nobly by the Trustees and others, was untiring in her efforts that this gathering should prove a success.

Every available space in the boarding-house was made ready for the expected guests, while residents of Bradford and Haverhill prepared to welcome to their homes old classmates and friends, and strangers, if need be. As the time drew near, and in reply to invitations, letters of acceptance came in from all quarters, some apprehension was felt lest the accommodations provided were not sufficient. But there was no need of fear. Bradford was true to herself, and her hospitalities, extended to so many hundreds at that time, will long be remembered by the recipients. Wednesday, the 11th of July, 1866, was a bright and beautiful day, and not too warm, though both preceded and followed by intense heat. On Tuesday, the day previous, there had been many arrivals ; but Bradford being so easy of access by rail-road, the large majority of friends did not find it necessary to come before Wednesday morning. The boarding-house was the great rendezvous, and in front of it the procession was to be marshalled at 9 A. M. Every train of cars that came in that morning was richly freighted, and every sort of conveyance

from the depot was chartered, while those who could not ride came on foot. Reinforcements were constantly arriving, and each greeted with bursts of excitement and enthusiasm.

Those who started from home, thinking they were staid middle-aged females, found themselves almost transformed into giddy school-girls again, as they came in sight of the well-known buildings, and met group after group of familiar faces. Etiquette and propriety were ruled out for the time, while exclamations, embraces, laughing, and weeping were decidedly in order. Congratulations exchanged, questions asked and answered in a breath, inquiries for favorite teachers or classmates ending in a gush of delight at finding the very ones close at hand. Years, absence, distance, all were annulled in the tumultuous grcetings. Time's glass seemed reversed while the cager converse went on, and all hearts grew young again.

But the procession must not longer remain stationary. Miss Hasseltine is waiting on the platform in the hall, with a few favored friends. The fathers of the Institution come from their private session with unclouded brows and lead the way. The weary marshals, who have found their office no sinecure, and have made a mental note, that they would rather arrange in rank and file any number of primary school children, than these advanced pupils who will not obey orders, givc a deep sigh of relief as the mass begins to move.

The hall is reached, thc multitude seated as far as may be, and then to the sound of music, lively and inspiriting, the school comes marching in, and thc exercises commcnce.

After the invocation, a cordial address of welcome to the Alumnæ was given by Dr. Cogswell, one of the oldest and most valued members of the Board of Trustees. This was responded to by the Rev. Dr. Barrows, of Reading, and the Rev. Mr. Foster, of West Newbury, who each married a graduate of the Academy. The school then joined in a song written for the occasion by Mrs. Annie Sawyer Downes.

"ALMA MATER.

"Lovingly our dear old mother
To her wandering children cried:
'Gather, all my scattered daughters,
Gather once more to my side.
Cross once more the ancient threshold,
Whence, all girded for the strife,
In the glow of youth exultant,
You went forward into life.'

"So on hill tops and in valleys,
And in crowded city street,
Heeded they her earnest calling,
To her turned their willing feet,
Bringing all the precious harvest,
Won throughout the vanished years;
Garnered in the storm and sunshine,
Earned in smiles and wrung from tears.

"Coming home! our hearts are beating
To the chorus that we sing,
Loving welcomes, tender greetings,
That on summer air we fling.
Coming home to rest a moment,
Once more in these walls to feel
Olden love and faith and yearning,
'O'er our weary souls to steal.
Welcome, welcome! smiles, glad voices,
Flowers, and fragrance are for you;
Passing years have only heightened
Interest and love most true.'"

The Rev. Mr. McCollom then proceeded to read some letters and communications from daughters of the school, whose hearts yearned for the dear old home, but who were debarred the privilege of being present on this occasion. Some of these we will give.

The following is from Mrs. Rev. Daniel Wight (Mary S. Briggs) : —

"To the Principal of Bradford Academy, —

"Your kind invitation to be present and participate in the festivities of the twenty-fifth anniversary, and also to prepare reminiscences of Bradford life, finds me still the occupant of an invalid's chamber, where for more than two years I have been struggling with serious illness and prolonged weakness, and though now slowly recovering, feebleness demands that my scanty thoughts be dictated to another.

"So full is my heart of Bradford, and its young, bright life to me, that only a strong physical body can give it due utterance. We, seven sisters, have had Bradford so incorporated with our formative years, that not to remember it, and love it too, would be strange indeed.

"But to-day recalls most forcibly my sainted Persian sister, and the class of 1842 will speak to each other of their gentle classmate, whose sobriquet with them was 'Sister Meekness.' On the plain of Oroomiah, on the hillside of Seir, toiling for the degraded daughters of Persia, she put in practice lessons of mind and heart, improved if not perfected in Bradford.

"Hers was a life short in years, long in results ; and the message she seems to bid me speak to you, is —

> "'Act, act in the living present,
> Heart within, and God o'erhead.'

Fulfill life's mission ; be true to the weight of privilege and responsibility devolving on you ; make some wilderness

spot blossom for God, and the fruitage in heaven shall be your reward.

"I should like to live over again the scenes of deep religious feeling, and the meetings for solemn inquiry, to talk of Miss Hasseltine's Saturday evening prayer-meetings, and many other matters of deep interest, but must leave them to others.

"A little anecdote of Miss Hasseltine comes to mind now, which I will relate.

"One summer afternoon, a teacher in the Academy was tardy by half an hour or so, her class impatiently waiting for her. As she came in, she apologized to Miss Hasseltine, by saying, 'some friends had come that day to see her.' Miss Hasseltine replied, 'When my sister, Mrs. Judson, came home from Burmah, I was in the midst of a recitation, and I waited till my duties were finished before going home to see her.'

"To schoolmates and pupils I send the love of a heart, warm and fresh as when I left you. And that the teachers and pupils of dear Bradford Academy, may now and ever share in the smiles of God's blessed Spirit, making it in the future as in the past, a fountain of sanctified knowledge, is the sincere desire and prayer of your friend,

"NATICK, *July* 2, 1866. "M. S. W."

A letter from Mrs. Rev. Dr. Arthur S. Train (Carrie M. Whittier), —

"MY DEAR MISS HASSELTINE, — Since receiving my invitation to attend the 25th anniversary at Bradford, my mind has been constantly vibrating between the desire to be present, and the conviction that my health would not be equal to the demands of such an occasion. It was only last night that I came to the decision that it would not be wise to expose myself to so much excitement and fatigue.

"But the agitation of the matter has called up so many

delightful associations and precious memories of friends, the living and the dead, and especially, my dear Miss H., has reminded me so forcibly of all your kindness and wisdom experienced in those happy years passed under your tuition, that I cannot refrain from writing to express a little of the gratitude which I find strengthening within me from year to year. It seems to me that my connection with the school was singularly happy, for I have hardly a memory of the whole three years, which is not fragrant now, after the lapse of twenty years.

"Boarding as I did at home, my acquaintance was limited to a comparatively small portion of the pupils, but our class, I am sure, was favored with some of the choicest spirits. The teachers, too, were always kind, always anxious for our highest good. Miss Brooks, Miss Cate, Miss Vose, Miss Parker (I always think of them by these old names), made each a characteristic and all a pleasant impression.

"But, my dear Miss Hasseltine, I remember most definitely your Bible class, your morning comments upon the Scriptures, and the earnest, faithful conversation you had with me in your own room when I came to you in sorrow for my sins, and sought to be guided in the way to heaven. Two or three phrases which you then used are engraven upon my memory never to be effaced.

Please accept my thanks for all your kindness and patience, your faithfulness and love. That God will continue to bless you, and make your last days your best days, is the earnest prayer of your grateful and affectionate pupil, "C. M. T.

"NEWTON CENTRE, *July* 10, 1866."

The following is an extract from another letter by the same writer: —

"My own impression has been, that the intellectual training was a small part of the benefit received at the Academy. It was rather the development of character,

secured by habitual intercourse with our teachers, as well as by their instructions. I remember how keenly one stimulated us intellectually, how another called out our affections, and a third made us feel the value of practical common sense.

"Thoroughness was the characteristic excellence of the school; substance, not shadow, was steadily sought; character rather than accomplishments habitually aimed at. But, above all influences, the religious predominated. I entered the school without God and without hope, but, from the very first, I was made to feel how sad was that condition. The daily devotional exercises, the Bible teachings, the habitual bearing and life of the teachers, all tended to make such a life intolerable, and I was constrained to ask, 'What shall I do to be saved?'

"But no single exercise of the course had so marked and powerful an influence as the Monday morning Bible lesson. The exactness with which we were made to commit Scripture to memory, taught us that it was no light thing to trifle with the words of Holy Writ. The patience with which the old Levitical rites were shown to foreshadow the later dispensation forced upon us the conviction, that the Testaments, like their author, were but one. We built the tabernacle, socket and board and pin, coverings of purple and scarlet, and fine twined linen, and badgers' skins, furniture of shittim wood and gold; till each of us, in imagination, could see it, after the pattern showed to Moses in the mount. So graphically was the 'virtuous woman' of the Proverbs delineated, that she seemed a personal acquaintance, and we were incited to imitate her excellence.

"At this distant day, I cannot iron a shirt for my husband, without recalling that 'her husband is known in the gates' by the whiteness of his linen, as Miss Hasseltine so confidently assured us."

The following communication is from Mrs. Rev. Calvin Terry (Mary E. Brooks) : —

"Word came that July 11 would be the day of the happy gathering. I instinctively turned to the little book called the 'Daily Food,' so familiar to many, and read the verses for the day.

"'With Thee is the fountain of life ; in Thy light shall we see light.'

"'O continue Thy loving kindness unto them that know Thee, Thy righteousness to the upright in heart.'

"Then my prayer arose, 'O continue Thy loving kindness unto' that dear institution, 'for with Thee is the fountain of life.' Long years have passed since Bradford Academy sent forth its first birth-light, struggling into the darkness of female education. And now its lengthened beams stretch away over the mountains of Koordistan, along the plains of India, to 'Afric's golden sands,' from the icy north to South America's utmost verge, brightening the far off islands, and shining almost the broad earth over.

"Thank God that wherever these rays have penetrated, the knowledge of this 'fountain of life' has been disseminated.

"How many among the heathen have occasion to bless God to-day for the light from Bradford Academy !

"Our Alma Mater, we love thee ! O, be true in the coming contest with the 'man of sin.' Flinch not in the conflict. Sleep not at the post of watchfulness. Let thy light dispel the mists of error, and the clouds of unbelief, shining more and more even unto the perfect day."

"REMINISCENCES OF 1832 AND 1837.

"BY MRS. JUDGE ROBINSON (CLARA BRIGGS).

"I remember, I remember, — since then it seems an age, —
When first I came to Bradford, and I came there in a stage.
I was a little maiden, and I lived close by the sea,
And Ipswich lay much nearer, much nearer to home and me ;

But my father, O the good man! a little set was he,
So in time he sent to Bradford, my sisters six and me.

"I remember, I remember, when the parting hour was nigh,
And I had bid the grand old sea, and all I loved good-bye,
How the gentle father laid his hand upon my drooping head,
And with his own voice faltering, how solemnly he said,
'A Judson and a Newell learn'd there life's lesson well,
O, learn like them, my daughter!' and then he kissed farewell.

"I remember, I remember, as I neared the good old town,
A little stream of water over rocks came tumbling down;
And soon we reached the village church, and the old tavern stand,
And blacksmith's forge, and all aglow the iron in his hand,
And then the plain, brick boarding-house, unblest by blind or tree,
And then a troop of gay young girls came out to welcome me.

"I remember, I remember, the old brown building well,
Which then we called Academy; black Joel rang the bell;
'Twas a narrow hall divided the boys' room from our own,
And both by age, and wear and tear, had pretty sombre grown;
But O, how very, very dear, those old walls grew to be, —
Ah me! the New Hall seemed and seems a sacrilege to me.

"I remember, I remember — how thick the fancies swarm,
When memory brings before my view our teacher's stately form,
Our dear revered Miss Hasseltine, so earnest and so true,
Who made our studies our delights, and duties pastimes too.
Bright is her eye, erect her form, now as in 'Auld Lang Syne;'
Thank you for touching gently thus our teacher, Father Time.

"I remember, I remember the other teachers well,
Miss Kimball and Miss Harris, and it makes me sad to tell
How very early in their lives they lay beneath the sod;
Yet these were full of duty done, and so they dwell with God.
For us, for us, the mourning, but for them the joy and crown.
O, may our welcome be as sure, when we the world lay down!

"I remember, I remember, the old church low and quaint,
Its little windows and its porch, and not a bit of paint,
The sounding board, and pulpit high, and then the deacon's seat
And square high pews, with railing round and all kept very neat.
The galleries were our choice, I think, — I speak for one 'tis true, —
It brought us near the minister and favorite laddies too.

"Dear me! how fast the memories crowd around the olden time!
The sweet, sweet memories of my youth, those dear school-mates of mine.
I wander with them hand in hand adown the [1] Paradise Vale,
And view with them the carved words, — the carvers cold and pale, —
Or else stray up old Joel's road, or to the woods trip we,
Where once a robber hid, they said — we're sure that noise was he.

"O, those castles bright in Spain that we builded as we walked;
They have vanished in the air, like our laughter as we talked:
And the builders, where are they? Some are angels fair above,
And some still walk this lower earth, home angels they of love.
They have finished all their work, and through life's varying hours,
Dear Father, give us grace — each one — to wisely finish ours.

"Farewell, farewell, sweet Bradford town, these weary feet of mine
Will never walk thy streets again, as in the olden time.
I ne'er shall clasp my school-mates' hand, shall never feel their kiss,
For Life has brought to them and me, a sterner work than this.
And be it so: 'tis well, 'tis well; we know it, they and I,
And so with heart content I say, 'Good-bye, youth's friends, good-bye.'"

A letter from a pupil of 1833, Mrs. Rev. Dr. Pike, (Deborah Adams):—

"DEAR MISS JOHNSON: — The invitation to the Bradford Academy celebration was received, for which accept my thanks.

"It is doubtful whether I shall be able to meet my early associates, on ground made happy by the warm affections of youth. For those companions, for my much loved and respected teacher, Miss Hasseltine, for all the associations of the place, made sacred by the scholarship, prayers, and social joys of the living and the dead, I have a tender memory still, which disease and death can only momentarily check, and which will be revived amid the intercourse of another world.

"Trusting that the occasion, in which I should be happy to participate, will be interesting and useful, I am

"Very truly yours, D. A. PIKE.

"ROWLEY, *July* 3, 1866."

[1] In Paradise Vale was a tree, on which Judson and Newell, the missionaries, had arved their own and their wives' initials.

"LINES FOR THE REUNION.

"Sweet Bradford! gladly to thy green retreat
I'd turn to-day these ever-loyal feet:
But home's dear chains, so silken yet so strong,
Hold me a prisoner to all flights save song.
So let me weave, in simple verse, yet true,
My heart's dear love, and send the gift to you.

"Sweet Bradford! where my happiest hours were spent,
Made up of simple joys and calm content;
Sacred to memories peaceful as her hills,
And joyful as the music of her rills!
How, 'mid the cares and loves of after days,
Still turns my heart to her in grateful praise:
For there kind hands took mine and led me through
Green pastures, and beside still streams, where grew
The Tree of Knowledge, most divinely fair;
But, unlike Paradise, no serpent there
Lurked to entrap us into hidden ill;
'Twas Eden save its Fall; 'tis Eden still.

"O, group of happy girls, who onee with me
Trod these dear precincts, ye were fair to see,
With your gay laughter and your clustering curls,
Your cheeks like roses, and your teeth like pearls:
O gladsome group of merry-hearted girls!

"And there was one,[1] shrined in your hearts e'en now,
For the white beauty of her girlish brow,
Whose tones were gentlest, when your gleeful shout
Rang these deep woods and sylvan shades about.
Forgive a sister's fondness that would fain
Recall her sweetness to your hearts again!
Do ye remember her? — her gentle eyes
That wore a hue eaught from these summer skies?
The long, dark lashes o'er her cheek that swept?
— Ah me, those eyes o'er human woe have wept!
Do ye remember them? So, too, do they
For whom her sweet life wore itself away
In prayers and tears and watchings, night and day.
For in far Persia, that sun-cradled land,
Goal of her hopes, and all that pilgrim band,

[1] Harriet Briggs, wife of the Rev. D. T. Stoddard, missionary to Persia.

Her whispered name e'en yet, through all these years,
Is breathed with blessings and baptized with tears ;
And richest memories cluster round her grave
Who gave her life the lost to seek and save.
O, blessed portion ! rather to be won
Than dower of gold or fame ; for like the sun
The truly wise shall shine, and they who turn
Many to righteousness, like stars shall burn
In heaven's blest firmament forevermore,
When this poor life and all its dreams are o'er.

" Rest, sainted Harriet ! By Euxine's tide
They laid thee down ; but not with thee have died
Thy pure and gentle teachings ; they distill
Like gracious dews on Hermon's sacred hill ;
And in our hearts such calm content is shed,
We write thee living, not enrol thee, dead !
And wait the hour when we, with thee, shall stand
No more dissevered, an unbroken band
Of ransomed spirits in our Father's land.

" CAROLINE A. MASON.

" FITCHBURG, MASS."

We will not pause now to dwell particularly upon the school exercises for this day ; suffice it to say, they were of a high order, and fully sustained the reputation of the Academy, and were characterized by a life and spirit seldom found at such an examination. Diplomas were presented to a fine class of nine young ladies.

Dr. Anderson, for so many years Secretary of the A. B. C. F. M., and also President of the Academy's Board of Trustees, was to have given the customary address ; but being detained at home by illness, he sent an exceedingly interesting letter, which was read by Dr. Cogswell.

The services were then closed by prayer and the benediction, after which an invitation was given to all the guests present, to dine at the boarding-house.

It was estimated that about five hundred availed

themselves of this invitation, and partook of the plentiful and elegant collation served there, under the direction of the efficient matron of the house. The meeting of the Alumnæ was appointed for the afternoon in the hall, the class-meetings to be held afterward, at such time and place as each class might specify.

It is useless to attempt to convey any just idea of the interest of this gathering. Pupils of the Institution were present, dating as far back as 1827 and 1828, while the twenty-five regular classes were all represented except one. As they came thronging in, and the hall was gradually filled, there were no outbursts of recognition or emotion. The glad enthusiasm of the morning was softened and subdued by hallowed memories of the dead, and the mingled tears of those who had seen sorrow. For every group stood a broken band, and the sound of some loved name was constantly shading the faces of the speakers.

Miss Hasseltine was in her accustomed place, and when she rose to call the meeting to order, it was hard to realize that she was other than our teacher still, and we, her loving, obedient pupils, as in days long past. She was nearly fourscore years old ; yet it was not age nor infirmity that caused the dear familiar voice to grow tremulous and faint for the moment ; it was only the flood of memories and associations which well nigh overpowered her. But conquering the unwonted emotion almost instantly, the words came clear and distinct, and the tones of voice as deep and powerful as ever.

Did she think of that day, so long ago, when in the freshness of her youth, she took her first humble seat as teacher in the borrowed kitchen chair ?

She remarked that it was fifty-one years since she first became connected with Bradford Academy. A long road, but not a weary one, full of toil, yet full of joy ; and now she saw before her much, very much to repay her for all her labors. It was delightful to find so many of the old pupils coming back, full of love for the school where they had been educated, and a higher joy still, to find that a large proportion were living more for others than for themselves, and seeking for usefulness rather than for happiness. When she had seen the interest which many of them had manifested in the study of the Bible, she had rejoiced in it, and hoped that such interest would deepen and strengthen, bringing forth much fruit for Christ and his kingdom. Her hopes had now become realities, and she thanked God for it. Her memory went back with love to the Old Academy, the first building, with its low roof and small rooms ; the revival scenes witnessed there were fresh in her mind, and the many younger than herself who had gone home before her.

She remembered when there was no library, and the commencement of the present large collection of books[1] was Scott's Gazetteer. She loved to review the past and note God's dealings with herself and with the Institution ; they had all been in mercy and faithfulness.

Her remarks were few but appropriate, very tender in spirit, and touched with a glow and fervor, as from the heavenly land, which her auditors thought could not be far distant from her.

Throughout this interview, and indeed throughout the whole day, it was an exceeding pleasure to wit-

[1] The library now contains 1,722 volumes.

ness the manifest love and sympathy existing between the Honorary and Acting Principals, each peerless in her own day, and each delighting to honor the other.

Miss Hasseltine's heart was evidently at rest in regard to the school; it was in able hands, and there she was content to leave it.

The time allotted to these exercises seemed far too short, and the meeting broke up amid the regrets of all, and with the hope of gathering again only in the heavenly reunion.

The levee in the evening, a sort of neutral ground where past and present mingled indiscriminately, was brilliant and crowded. Miss Hasseltine, though feeling the effects of the day's unusual excitement and fatigue, was present, enjoying everything, and expressing to more than one, her grateful sense of God's goodness in allowing her to see this day. It was her last public day, the last time her voice ever roused the echoes of the Academy Hall — the last time in this life that her pupils thronged about her with admiring and reverent affection.

There was a providential fitness and appropriateness in this coincidence. It seemed but right and just that this noble life, given to the one idea of a broad Christian education for woman, should be thus honored at its public close. It was a crown of many stars which the beloved teacher wore that evening.

XII.

CHARACTERISTICS. — THE SISTERS. — KIND FRIENDS.

1866–1868.

WHEN Miss Hasseltine commenced teaching, the measure of attainments for a female teacher was very different from what it now is ; and had she remained content with the knowledge then possessed, she would ere long have been left far behind.

But she was always learning, always progressing. In those days school-books were few, and materials for illustration very limited ; but her wonderful fertility of resource, with her energy and determination, surmounted all obstacles, and conquered all difficulties. Study was her delight, and contact with her pupils had the happiest effect in stimulating her to fresh developments of truth, and new efforts for their interest and improvements. She made her own outline maps, and prepared Biblical and historical charts for her various classes.

After her decease, in looking over her papers, friends realized more than ever before the amount of work she had accomplished. A complete series of Scripture questions was found upon both the Old and the New Testaments, in her own handwriting, arranged and labelled with much care and precision. Butler's Analogy, which she taught so well, was elaborated step by step, with questions and comments

written, all suggestive of her having thoroughly mastered the author's meaning before attempting to teach others. Manuscripts of this nature were brought to light extending over every branch of study which she ever taught, and dating back more than fifty years.

As the Hon. J. S. Sanborn says of her, —

"Looking over these monuments of her industry and zeal — enough of manuscript to make many folio volumes — impresses one more strongly with the energy, enthusiasm, and hearty purpose, with which she pursued her life-work, than any description of her which could be given.

"As a mere literary person, in the ordinary sense, she did not excel. With a good appreciation of poetry, she had no disposition to write poetry; and while she was deeply read in history, her ambition was not so much to use it for its literary merit, as to cull from it practical lessons for her pupils. Her nature was genial, and her conversation highly instructive. She did not, like Talleyrand, use language to conceal, but to express ideas. There was never occasion to misunderstand her meaning. If she administered a rebuke, it was a home-thrust, as all who have felt it can testify.

"Though a person of great resolution, and possessing strong convictions on all practical subjects, and perhaps strong prejudices, she was remarkably free from local and narrow views. It has been the misfortune of many leading spirits in our schools and colléges to possess objectionable peculiarities of an individual nature, which leave their impress upon those over whom they exercise influence, producing a kind of mannerism which becomes a recognized characteristic of the Institution. But Bradford Academy has always been particularly free from any individualism of this nature."

The religious developments of Miss Hasseltine's character, pervading and permeating her whole life,

have been so fully brought out in the preceding chapters, that it is hardly necessary now to dwell upon them. That life, which in its spring-time was consecrated to Christ, and gave such promise of usefulness in his vineyard, in mature years had nobly redeemed every pledge, and in old age the ripened fruit and gleaming sheaves attested the faithfulness and success of the laborer.

The nieces were all gone from the old homestead; one to a home of her own, as wife of the Hon. J. S. Sanborn of Sherbrooke, Canada, and two to be occupied with educational interests in a distant city. That family circle, once so glad and so full, was narrowed to the two sisters, who were now all in all to each other. Exceedingly dissimilar, they still seemed just fitted to dwell together, and either would have thought it impossible to live apart from the other; while their mutual love and care were very tender and very touching. One who knew them intimately, says: "This sisterly affection was to me the one great beauty of their lives." Yet each had her weaknesses and foibles, and with the utmost good nature and kind feeling each enjoyed a laugh at the other's expense. Mary would tell with the greatest pride of "Sister Abigail's" success in teaching, how much good she had done, how she had spent her life for the school, of her energy and wisdom, and how greatly she was beloved; and then, with a sparkle and life which you would not expect in one of her age, she would rally Abby on her inevitable "cup of tea," or her "lost spectacles," or on standing round to talk, and being late to dinner.

And Abby, — she reverenced Mary with her whole heart; she would talk of her deep piety, her exten-

sive reading, and fondness for poetry. Every stranger that called must see "Sister Mary;" and if the nice bread or the dainty pie called forth a comment from visitors, they were informed that Mary's powers in the culinary art were unrivalled, and her housekeeping always a success; and the next moment perhaps she would be telling with irresistible humor of "Sister Mary's" terrible "dignity and propriety," or of her "cap," which must always be in the fashion, — Mary enjoying it all as much as anybody.

Miss Hasseltine had not reaped a golden harvest from her life of teaching. Liberal and benevolent, she never laid aside much from her small income; it was usually expended with each year. The farm had never been profitable, and now in her old age should she lack any comfort which money could bring?

"Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." This had been her theory and practice, and the Lord was faithful to his promises. Through the efforts of Mrs. Proctor, once a pupil, and always a devoted friend of Miss Hasseltine, a few were easily found who were glad to contribute of their abundance for the benefit of the teacher who had given them so much. This was done systematically and regularly, and managed with so much delicacy and consideration, that Miss Hasseltine could never feel such favors burdensome, but received them gratefully, and in the same spirit of love which prompted them.

Mrs. Sanborn, though her home was at a distance, still watched over the dear old ladies with a filial love, sending constant reminders of her interest and care; while upon her husband they depended as counsellor

and manager in all business matters, reposing in him the highest confidence and trust.

Mrs. Proctor added much to the comfort and happiness of these last years by her occasional residence beneath the same roof, with the most assiduous and thoughtful affection caring for the interests of the revered teacher to the end.

The following extract from a letter of Miss Hasseltine to Mrs. Sanborn expresses somewhat her feelings toward these last-mentioned friends: —

"BRADFORD, *September* 19, 1866.

"MY DEAR N.: — I send this afternoon by express to Mr. Sanborn, an elegant chanticleer of the Brahmapootra kind; as you will perceive by the name, an Asiatic bird. The small bird is for little Mary. I hope this will arrive safely, and in good condition. Please let me know if they do so. We were much obliged to you for the letter sent from Ottawa. If you knew how much pleasure your letters afford us, you would write oftener.

"We are not surrounded by near relatives, and so strangers are our friends, and our neighbors are those who did not commence life with us. We are like tall cliffs over whose heads the sun has risen and set for more than eighty years, and tell of the past. This is true of one of us at least. We do not complain, however; we have much cause for gratitude. We have good friends, both relatives and strangers.

"Among our relatives, I would first name yourself. You have ever been exceedingly kind to us. The Lord reward you and yours an hundred fold. Next to you, Mrs. Proctor. She has been unwearied in her attentions to me. Three times, when in sharp contest with disease, she has watched over me and cared for my wants. I might name others also who have been exceedingly kind. Sister Mary is more feeble than usual. Much love to yourself and all yours.

"Yours,

"A. C. H."

XIII.

SICKNESS. — THE END.

1867–1868.

IN June, 1866, only a short time before the reunion, Miss Hasseltine met with a serious accident. She was driving as was her custom, and while crossing the bridge, which connects Bradford with Haverhill, the horse took fright, and wheeling suddenly, threw her from the chaise with great violence. The injury was upon the head, producing insensibility, which continued many hours, exciting the gravest fears for the result. She rallied from this, however, recovering quite rapidly, and seemed for a time like her own old self again, being able to enjoy the reunion to the full, as has been stated. But she was never well afterward for any length of time, and lived only about a year and a half from the date of this accident.

A letter from Dr. Cogswell, who was for many years Miss Hasseltine's physician, neighbor, and friend, will give us accurate information in regard to her last sickness and the cause of her death: —

"My Dear Mrs. B.: — You ask me to give you some account of Miss A. C. Hasseltine's last sickness. Miss Hasseltine was approaching eighty years of age. Perhaps this is sufficient, but as most persons wish to know the particulars of the last days of their friends, and especially the cause of death, I will state my own view of the case.

"My deep interest in the welfare of Miss Hasseltine and my great admiration of her character, through a long series of years, led me to watch her last days with more than a professional anxiety.

"Miss Hasseltine had a finely developed physical system, at the head of which was placed a large and active brain, which she had used with great power for good through a long life. This grand organ was the first to succumb to the great law of nature, indications of which I saw much sooner than her most intimate friends, even before her injury upon the bridge. This injury was not the cause of the disease, but it increased the evil, though I doubt if it hastened her death.

"For a year before her decease, it became evident that this noble organ was yielding to disease, though in its manifestations it was true to its natural characteristics. As the disease of the brain progressed, the other organs, one after another, became functionally involved in the general wreck, until at last she passed quietly from earth to heaven on the thirteenth day of January, 1868.

"I still hear the question asked, 'What did our friend Miss Hasseltine die of?' Were I compelled to give a direct answer, I should say, 'softening of the brain.' At any rate, disease of the brain was the cause of her death. The precise form of that disease, it is not easy even for an intelligent physician to say.

"To one who knew our deceased friend as intimately as you did, it is not necessary for me to add one word in her praise. Yet it gives me great pleasure to say, after an intimate acquaintance of thirty-five years, that she possessed those high traits of character not usually bestowed on man. Her plans were broad and comprehensive, and her will was equal to carrying those plans into execution. Without any hesitation I place Miss A. C. Hasseltine among the remarkable women of the world.

"I am very truly yours,

"GEO. COGSWELL.

"BRADFORD, *January* 1, 1870."

During the last year of her life, she was only a wreck of her former self, the body in weakness and in pain, the mind clouded and wandering. That noble mind, that powerful intellect, which by its innate superiority had held sway over the hearts and minds of thousands, was off its balance, had lost its power, and groped feebly and aimlessly on its random way.

The previous winter, she had been greatly excited in regard to Romanism, eagerly reading everything in the papers touching it. And now, when every sort of a vagary possessed her, one thread bound them together, and one only — hostility to the Roman Catholic religion, and everything connected with it. If troubles and persecutions assailed her, they were from this source. Her nearest friends were seeking her life, but it was because they were in league with the Catholics. Honors and insults were heaped upon her, according as Protestantism or Romanism gained the ascendency. She killed a Jesuit, and became the wonder of the world. Crowned heads and noble ladies were coming to see her and her wonderful school. Louis Napoleon himself had written that he had renounced Romanism, and "would rather go to Scotland and dole out the Psalms, line by line, as did the old Scottish Covenanters, than have anything more to do with their paltry Roman Catholic concerns."

In the weakening and breaking up of this mental fabric there were always traces of its original greatness, its native nobility. The very fancies of that powerful mind in its decrepitude, were majestic, its illusions noble, its wanderings grand. As in old Grecian ruins, the broken column, the fragment of a cornice or chapiter, or the crumbling archway tells the

traveller with painful emphasis, of what a glorious temple they were once a part.

She recognized her friends, and would seem glad to see them, but immediately endeavored to draw them into the unreal world where she dwelt. Occasionally there were gleams of reason, lucid intervals, when religious converse delighted her, and the Bible was an unfailing source of comfort; when she would repeat long passages of Sacred Writ, with perfect accuracy, and ask for her favorite hymns to be read or sung to her. The following is one which she especially loved, verses from which she would repeat with peculiar power and pathos, thrilling all hearts: —

"The Lord our God is full of might:
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in his heavenly height,
The rolling sun stands still.

"Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar:
The Lord uplifts his mighty hand,
And chains you to the shore.

"Howl, winds of night, your force combine:
Without his high behest
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

"His voice sublime is heard afar;
In distant peals it dies:
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

"Ye nations, bend, in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God."

Another favorite was —

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure."

Also —

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

Sister Mary wept and watched and prayed, and finally, giving up all hope of the dear sufferer's recovery, was enabled to say in meekness and submission, "Thy will be done."

Friends could only watch the flickering life as it paled and waned, ministering to bodily wants and looking with the eye of faith "beyond the river," where the freed spirit, with no more of clouds and darkness, would so soon be "present with the Lord." The cloud was rifted for a moment, when, fully herself, she said: —

"'O! thou Lamb of God, calm my perturbed spirit.' Mary, what is the remainder of that passage from Robert Hall? I can't recall it."

The whole passage was read or repeated to her, and a heavenly quiet seemed to settle upon the spirit, foretaste of the eternal rest awaiting.

The end was drawing rapidly on. Mrs. Proctor feared to leave her side, even to take needful rest, lest the feeble spark of life should go out, and she, who had watched her so long and faithfully, not be there to catch the whisper of farewell.

Willie, "the boy" whom the sisters had brought up as a child of the house, lingered lovingly about the dying bed, with tearful eyes and aching heart. Day and night, for months, he had been close at hand,

ready at the lightest call to do anything for "Aunt Abby," or to save "Aunt Mary's" failing strength from being overtaxed.

It was his strong arm that lifted the invalid so tenderly and his voice that often quieted her wild wanderings.

"Good night, Aunt Abby."

"Good night, Willie," she answered faintly, as a ray of reason illumined her face for a moment, "I am going home; I shall not be with you to-morrow."

And again in the night, she whispered, as if speaking to Mrs. Proctor, "My dear, don't lean too much on earth: come with me; I am going home to heaven; come."

As the day was breaking, the spirit passed away. The clay tenement was there still, but the immortal guest had left it. The room, her room, "whose window looked toward the sunrising," was empty, "and the name of the chamber was Peace."

On the morning of January 13th, 1868, died Abigail Carleton Hasseltine, aged seventy-nine years and ten months.

Mrs. Proctor closed her eyes in death, and in tender love prepared the precious dust for its long repose. Mrs. Emerson says: —

"When I arrived, there was nothing left for stranger hands to do. Together we put on the garments of the grave and laid her in the casket. Never in life, I think, had I seen the dear friend look more noble than when she lay there waiting for the tomb. Her face wore the serious and serene expression which might grace the resurrection body."

The funeral was attended, January 16, at the church

where Miss Hasseltine always worshipped, and the services, which could not be otherwise than impressive, were conducted by her pastor, the Rev. J. D. Kingsbury, and ex-pastor, the Rev. J. T. McCollom, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Seely of Haverhill.

The remarks of the Rev. Mr. McCollom were exceedingly apt. Comprehending the character of the deceased, and the importance of the occasion, he expressed, in words forcible and well chosen, the feelings of very many friends.

It was in the depths of winter, yet a large concourse of people had gathered to do honor to the memory of one so long and universally beloved. Relations, friends and neighbors, trustees, teachers and pupils of the school, old pupils, many, with clergymen and others, from a distance — all mourners together.

Very tenderly they laid the dear remains away in the pleasant cemetery, there to await the archangel's summons. "For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised, incorruptible." A white marble monument marks her last resting-place, erected by the loving hearts and willing hands of her pupils. "So He giveth his beloved sleep."

At the Anniversary of the school in the July following, by request of the Trustees, the Rev. Dr. Withington gave an address, with special reference to Miss Hasseltine's life and character and labors. His quaint and peculiar style added interest to the subject, so intensely interesting in itself; and the exercises were closed by singing the following beautiful hymn, written by a native of Bradford, and one who had grown up under the influence of Miss Hasseltine, — Mrs. Frances Carleton Blaisdell: —

"IN MEMORIAM.

"We stand on hallowed ground to-day,
Hallowed by noble deeds!
Breathe low, breathe low, ye summer winds,
While tender memory leads
A throng of sorrowing spirits back
To other, gladsome days,
When a lofty nature in its prime
Made lovely wisdom's ways.

"The queenly form, the speaking eye,
The matchless, stately grace,
The well-poised mind, the restful soul,
The calm, majestic face,
Through mists of years stand clearly out
At memory's loving call;
Though dead, she speaketh to us still,—
Here may her mantle fall!

"To-day, with folded hands, she sleeps
Where weeping willows wave,
And fragrant, low-voiced evergreens
Soft whisper o'er her grave.
Her field was on New England soil,—
Her soul as brave and free
As hers whose earthly vesture lies
'Neath India's Hopia tree.

"How great her work, how nobly done!
How bright her armor shone.
O! never, never let it rust,
Now she hath won the crown.
The work, her work, must still go on—
God grant it may go well.
In hopeful faith we calmly wait,
For here her mantle fell."

VI.

THE OLD.

VI.

THE OLD.

SIXTY-SEVEN years ago Bradford Academy was sheltered and nursed in what would look now like a small, antique district school-house. Its only extra was a pretending tower lifting itself midway of the front of the building, and furnishing an airy and noisy home to "the Bell given by the Daughters of William Kimball, late of Bradford, deceased." It stood near where the building of 1841 now stands. The house was a humble, practical, earnest little thing, with a narrow hall through its centre, from the entrance under the tower, and a school-room on either side. On the right was the apartment for the young gentlemen, with its entrance near the front door. Farther along in the hall, and on the left, the young ladies' apartment opened. There was no second story, no recitation room, or philosophical, or library, or reception room. The hard, double, plank seats ran in stern rows and on ascending grade to the back of the apartments.

But that building was the pride of the community, an honor to its founders, and the hope of their children. We can fancy what music that bell made for their ears, and how, through all the region, its noisy tongue and the ambitious tower stimulated the young to aspire to a quarter or year's study in the Academy. They came, first wide apart and then crowding.

Among the young ladies, going in and out at the humble door, we see Ann Judson and Harriet Newell. In 1806 it is that they go sorrowfully for days, and then joyfully under the leadings of the Holy Spirit. It is the house of which we are now speaking that God then consecrated by the first visitation of his regenerating grace. Then began that glorious series of revivals in Bradford Academy, that are the distinguishing and dividing pearls on the bright thread of its history. This meek, retiring edifice in our picture is the "Bradford Academy" of the journals and letters of those two young missionaries, and of so many who followed them. It is also the building so intimately associated with the origin of the American Board and American Missions. How many took their first lessons under the great Master in that house cannot be told by us; but "the Lord shall count when he writeth up the people." And if earthly buildings are spoken of in heaven, surely this one will have no infrequent notice, for its baptisms from on high were many and very precious. There God very early owned the offering made to him for a Christian education, in the founding of the Institution, and very few are the schools in any land that have been so much the objects of prayer and of the divine answers. Many are the Christian homes in all the professions and honorable callings that borrowed their bright and sanctified light from Bradford Academy.

After a season this first building was found to be too small for the numbers who came, and it was enlarged; and again in 1823, a building was erected adjoining, for a recitation-room.

Five years later a boarding-house was erected, capable of accommodating thirty young ladies and

the Superintendent's family. And yet in 1836 the entire real estate of the Institution was worth only about five thousand dollars! So little was the outlay to start so many Christian Missions, homes, and influences!

But with Christian educators nothing is finished that can be made better. When this school became one exclusively for females, its patronage at once demanded ampler and more varied accommodations. In an Appeal to the Friends of Female Education, made at that time, the Trustees say that they "are far from thinking that the school is not open to great improvement. In the present age, when the cause of education is receiving so much attention, and so many are engaged to advance it, it is not to be expected of any institution perhaps, that it has arrived at its highest point of excellence."

So they proceed to speak of a new Academy building, with its main hall, and rooms for recitations, library, laboratory, music, and the other conveniences of a large school. The old Academy was moved back, and a new one built in nearly the same place, and dedicated in 1841, the Rev. W. M. Rogers delivering the address. Though a fine structure for those times, it was not in advance of the demands of the Institution and of the spirit of the age in regard to female education.

The energetic chairman of the building committee, George Cogswell, M. D., a Trustee from 1837, was untiring in his endeavors to make the New Hall all that the prosperity of the Institution and the advanced stage of female education required. Working between an empty treasury and a struggling subscription-paper for an unfunded school, Miss Hasseltine,

of course, co-working, and with her usual efficiency, the success was eminent. The new building cost about six thousand dollars. It was an edifice sixty-three feet by forty-one, with a lower story ten feet and an upper fourteen feet high. The lower story was devoted to recitation, lecture, music, apparatus, and reception rooms, ten in all, with a wide hall running through the building. The upper story was devoted mostly to the main hall, a school-room fifty feet by forty, with desks for one hundred and eight pupils.

In that room sat one woman, revered, honored, loved. Many a queen has had a narrower kingdom, and done vastly less for humanity than she there did. Only a servant, without a throne, except as she won the hearts of her thousands of pupils, and without a crown, except as they, in the succession of years and of classes, became gems for her diadem, she was a most queenly woman in her station and bearing and work. Unlike queens who gather their jewels at the hands of others and from foreign climes, she polished her own from native gems, and then scattered them. They are all over New England, our country, and the world; and children's children will reflect their lustre. By and by they will be gathered, and then will come the coronation of Miss A. C. Hasseltine.

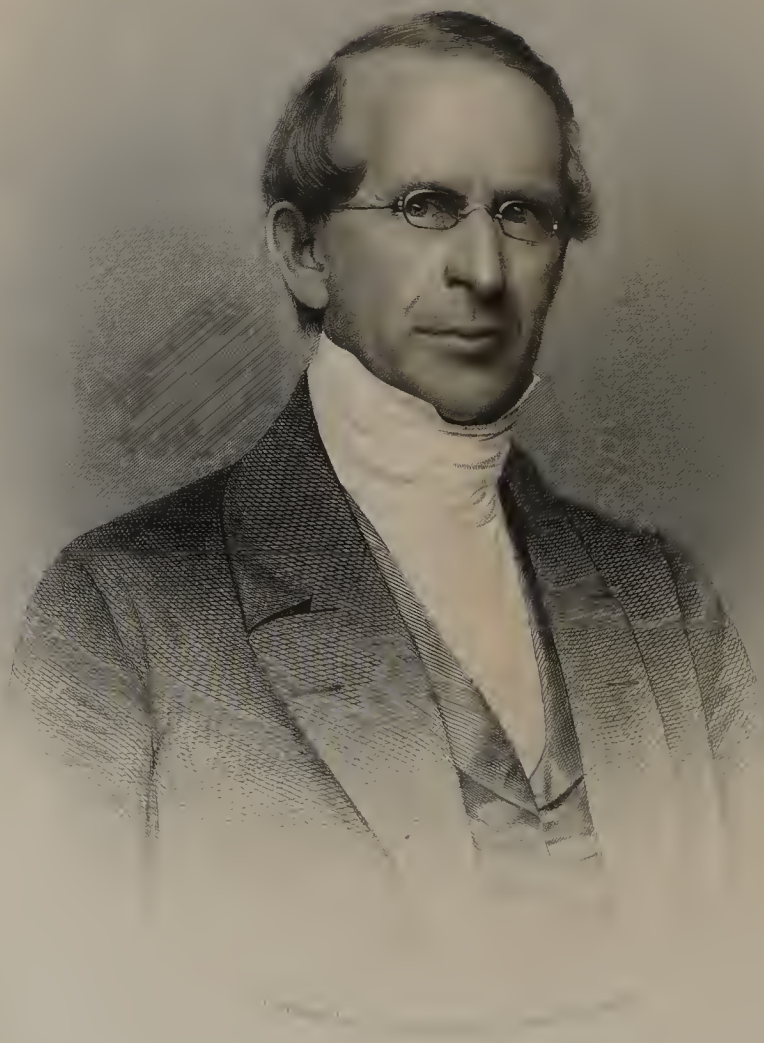
It was an occasion of much gratification to Miss Hasseltine when the New Hall was dedicated. She had long wished to improve and enlarge the course of study, and so divide the school, that the classes might move along systematically to a graduation. She embraced this epoch in the history of the school to inaugurate her favorite system, and under it the Seminary at once assumed new vigor. The first class

under the new regime completed the full course of study in 1842, and received the diploma of the Institution.

No other edifice for Bradford Academy, however improved, ornamented, inviting, and even hallowed, can ever supplant in the hearts of multitudes of the older pupils, their affection and reverence for the New Hall. Being the pupils of earlier days and with so rich a legacy of memories, it must not be thought strange if they weep even, like the Jews of the time of Ezra, at the dedication of our new temple of learning. For it must lack the holy of holies and the shechinah and the altar of their temple. Nor is this surprising. The Christian heart finds these by experience, and but once ; and their locality for him never changes. Of the late Academy, now ready to vanish away, it will always remain to be said : " This and that one was born in it." The God of our fathers vouchsafe to say to any sadly remembering on our joyfully dedication day, as he said to those weeping Jews : " I will fill this house with glory ; and the glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord of hosts."

VII.

THE NEW.



R. Anderson

VII.

THE NEW.

IN no department of the noble art of architecture have there been greater improvements, probably, during the last-half century, than in educational structures. The floorless-log cabins of the West, where little Abraham Lincolns wriggled and swung on long puncheon seats, high enough for the adult Abrahams; the New England district school-house of our own childhood, of Egyptian architecture in dolefulness and strength, with immense open fires, and a kind of restaurant arrangement of "well or rare done," according to the location of the pupil; and the earlier practical, economic, and positive academic halls of Andover and Exeter and Leicester — these architectural antiques, though gone, are yet remembered by some as their first temples of Minerva.

The first and second halls of Bradford Academy we have already passed in review, in their origin and structure. Of them there is left to us now only their lithographs and memories. The first was burnt, and the second, with the old grounds, has been sold to the town for educational purposes.

The new structure now claims our attention and fills our eyes, as we doubt not it will the heads and hearts of thousands of the daughters of the land in the years to come.

The third building for Bradford Academy is two

hundred and sixteen feet in its front line, and one hundred and twenty-seven feet from face to rear. It is cruciform, the transept having the full front length and being forty-seven feet wide, while the stem or shaft of the cross has the full depth, and is fifty-two feet wide. The building is four stories above the basement. The first story is twelve feet high, the second and third eleven each, and the fourth ten and a half in the finishing.

An ample hall receives those entering, which, in the centre of the building, divides, right and left, into corridors eight feet wide, that extend to the extreme ends of the transept. These corridors furnish a spacious promenade more than two hundred feet long, with the various rooms on either side. The same arrangement extends through each of the four stories, furnishing a vast amount of common space within the main building, well lighted and ventilated, and open to every room.

On the first floor of the rear extension, and opening immediately from the spacious receiving hall, is the dining-hall. This is a most inviting room for its purposes, forty feet by fifty, and twelve high, and beautifully lighted. Back of the dining-hall are the rooms for the culinary department, laundry, etc.

The Academy Hall proper is on the second floor, and over the dining-hall; a sumptuous apartment, eighty-one feet long, fifty broad, and twenty-one high. It will seat two hundred and fifty pupils, and with its gallery accommodate an audience of eight hundred.

In the airy and well-finished basement are two ample croquet grounds for recreation in wintry and unpleasant weather. Three large parlors on the front of the edifice are so constructed as to be thrown into

one spacious drawing-room, fifty feet in length, on public occasions.

The young ladies' rooms are in suites of a parlor and two side apartments, designed for four pupils. The house is fitted to accommodate one hundred and thirty boarding pupils, besides the Supervisor's family and the domestics. Some idea of the generous limits of the establishment may be formed from the fact that it has about an acre and one fourth of flooring, and one hundred and sixty separate apartments.

Among these rooms we find two for offices, containing a fire-proof safe, postal and express conveniences, and business head-quarters generally ; a reception room for outside pupils ; a suite of rooms for the sick, provided with every convenience and comfort ; and also rooms for the reception of visitors. Then there are the recitation rooms, and rooms for the library, the cabinet of minerals and of curiosities, and the philosophical apparatus, the chemical room, and laboratory. In each story there are bathing-rooms, and other conveniences for health and comfort.

The house is supplied throughout with the best of furniture, new, rich, and, for academic purposes, superb. The furnishings of the Academy Hall are unsurpassed for comfort and elegance.

A magnificent steam heating apparatus in the basement, costing about eight thousand dollars, with radiators throughout the building, gives a comfortable, even, and natural temperature, a climate of its own, to the whole immense interior. There is a cistern in the basement, of the capacity of forty-five thousand gallons, as well as a vast reservoir in the loft of the building, and a perpetual well of the purest spring

water just outside, from which, by a steam force-pump and pipes, water is distributed through the house. This force-pump is supplied with hose for use in case of fire. The building is lighted with gas.

Of course, in the erection of such a building, there must have been a wide and careful study, by observation, of academic architecture. All the latest and most desirable improvements for such a structure, it is believed, have been combined in it, with certain advantages nowhere else found ; so that it is unsurpassed among edifices for such purposes. An air of home life pervades the establishment in its construction as well as management, while its student life cannot be otherwise than joyful. All that architecture can do for physical health, mental culture, and social enjoyment has been done here. The house and its surroundings are filled with sunshine and cheerfulness. It is the place for strong and tender and sacred associations to grow, and sanctify the early years of the scholar ; and in the long hereafter the hallowed memories of its thousands of pupils must come back, clustering here, with a power and a passion that no other period of life can produce. Not a little of all this present and after happiness of the pupils will be due to the excellence of the Academy building itself.

It is a rare thing for a trustee, and he may count himself happy who experiences it, to see a venerable and beloved Institution outgrow one building at his hands, and in its prosperity and enlargement demand a second from him. The chairman of the building committee of the New Hall, in 1841, filled the same office for the present noble structure ; and for the vast amount of head and heart work that he has put into it, great praise is due to Dr. George Cogswell.

The location of Bradford Academy is one of the choicest in New England. The town is one of those open, rural, agricultural places, where thrift and intellectual, social, and moral culture have added their highest charms to the beauties of nature. The quiet invites to study, while the refinements of society return both pleasure and profit whenever enjoyed. The town is rich in its own natural beauties ; but situated as the Academy is, on the highlands of the Merrimac, it commands scenery and ranges of vision seldom equalled. Up and down the river the eye takes in scenes of rare beauty for many miles. Opposite is the city of Haverhill, covering hills and valleys with its industrial energies and wealth, and far beyond are the wilder mountains of New Hampshire. Comfortably removed from any dense population, it is nevertheless embosomed in the very heart of New England. Not only is the general location of the Academy thus beautiful, but its own most ample grounds of twelve acres, in one crowning, sloping eminence, add greatly to the charms of the place as a scholarly residence. The extent and nature of the site invite to the highest ornamental culture, and this is already far advanced in gravelled ways and lawns and in the planting of shrubbery and trees.

There has seldom been a better consecration of architecture than when these heights were crowned by the present buildings for the Christian education of woman. And when a hundred and thirty thousand dollars are thus set apart in generous and cheerful donations, it is a happy manifestation, that, while our Christian business men struggle for wealth, they delight to vie with each other in the noblest uses to which fortunes can be put. When the hills and val-

leys of the land are thus crowned and studded, by princely benefactions, with institutions that educate, and Christianize, and ameliorate, and ornament, the merely pecuniary processes and ambitions of commerce are obscured and forgotten in the most noble uses to which the rich fruits are so freely contributed. All honor to the men who toil and struggle on their native acres, or in the dust of the shop, or clatter of the mill, or in the turmoil and drudgery of the office, that their subscriptions may mitigate human woe in some asylum, or clear the track of thought for some young adventurer into unexplored regions, or rally and cluster the rising minds of the age, in some Bradford Academy, where they may be developed in symmetry and strength and beauty, having their noble thoughts and aspirations well encircled and set in the more noble virtues.

A providential comfort and privilege it is, moreover, that some debts of obligation and of gratitude may be repaid in this way. If the man of wealth finds himself in a home irradiated by all the gifts and graces of a cultivated woman ; if there a broad mind and large heart enter into his broadest plans and purest purposes ; if the sweet influences and cultured amenities of a noble wife and mother there gather about him children, ripening into a young manhood and womanhood, for whom he shall never blush, — it would be a painful constraint, if he could not acknowledge the favor, and recompense, in some imperfect pecuniary way, the Institution that had so enriched him and endowed his house.

The entire system of education at Bradford Academy is eminently fitted, and has been from of old, to impose these obligations, and call in these debts of

gratitude. Assuming for woman a station of the very highest importance in our social, moral, religious, and educational combination of forces, the course of study and general plan of training at this Institution are intended, adapted, and executed to prepare woman for that preëminent position. While the ornamental branches, and what might be called feminine æsthetics, have their full place and relative attention, they are held to be rather the finishings than the foundations of a thorough female education. Knowing that a solid substratum alone can take a fine and enduring polish, substantials are made the essentials in the school, in the progressive steps toward eminent culture. Developing the womanly mind in all its strong and yet delicate feminine tendencies, the pupil goes through a foreordaining process to become both a power and an ornament in society. Thus, it is left to come about incidentally and naturally enough, that she be also an ornament of the drawing-room.

But such an education is a work of time, and requires both intense and protracted study by the pupil. The Trustees, therefore, have felt it necessary, with these theories of female education, to keep at the full front, if not at times leading the public sentiment on education, in outlining the course of study for Bradford Academy. To fulfill the mission of this ancient school, as a prominent educator of the daughters of the land, they have found it indispensable to set the conditions of admission high, and extend its course of study through four years.

To a thorough drilling, by an able and resident corps of teachers, in the best text-books of academic and collegiate studies, which is the main dependence in this Institution for a good education, the Trustees

have added an extensive system of lectures in history and the special natural sciences. Indeed, it is believed that in the course of study and in the board of instructors, nothing is lacking for the highest scholarship of the student.

These theories and policies of female education are connate with the origin of this Academy, and have been operative and traditional with its history, through almost seventy years. It was one of those rare providences, one of those favors of God to human society, that the Institution was so long under one developing, energizing, and executive mind, to make practical and manifest the germ-thoughts of its inception.

Under its present management its future history is as auspicious as its past is honorable and safe. Not only general, but the highest Christian culture has marked this Institution; and indeed it was the very cradle of our noble enterprises for Christ among the heathen. Nearly forty years ago the Secretaries of the American Board spoke of its accommodations, facilities, and course of study as "judicious and well adapted to meet the demand which the providence of God is making on the talents of females at the present day." How eminently fitting, then, and providential, too, that the late Foreign Secretary of the American Board, Rufus Anderson, D. D., should be President of the Board of Trustees, while the school is entering a new and nobler era of its life!

We look for a long and high roll of honor in its future graduates, as young ladies from all parts of the land gather on these hallowed and classic grounds. It is much to make a reputation for an institution of learning; it is sometimes more to receive that repu-

tation from the hands of another, and pass it along augmented. The administration of Miss Hasseltine for almost half a century is remembered with admiration and gratitude, and might create reasonable anxieties for an administration following it. But the management for the last twelve years gives all interested satisfaction with the present, and only high expectations, and a quiet confidence for the future of Bradford Academy, so long as its Principal is Miss Abby Hasseltine Johnson.

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